

The Minotaur:

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I

Covenant of the blacksmith heart...

Finally, we see the bottom of the pit. We visit the labyrinth and its winding roads, its hidden beasts who feast on our children. Children, children: our thoughts. Ah, yes, what sad results we envision when we peek into the chink, deep into the crevasse; what time was it when you last saw your own ghost floating in the mire? I can't offer you a perfect solution to your problems. I can only show you what I see on the inside, give you a ticket, say, to my unconscious. Ever read something that made you say 'ah'? Yes, you know the secret now. Come a little closer, I'll show you a mythical sign and I'll interpret it. It comes in a package. The words are the wrapping paper. The box is my unconscious mind.

It eats wires and degeneration in measurable bites; bridges to the concepts of a dual reality and more. Enriched, bedazzling sunshine, for the sun is at the sole pole of chance erudition, stuck in the ridges of the colossal heart that chants. What's the dichotomy? His animal manliness and manly madness. The pit is deep and has ragged cliff walls. Treacherous meandering timeline focus and derauling finality punch, stripped of memory, demolished and dreary: walk the gloomy sunlit grove, stretch to then, remember now. Open up your treasure box and reveal your chimes to me. Ding, a clamorous twang...

Break that positron elixir when visitation is advanced. Penetrate the gloom to make new claims at the tacky freak-show strain, caught in a whistle of the bucket dancer's train. Where is the redeemer when I burn myself with cigarettes? Is he watching then, and why doesn't he make me stop? Cruel bastard. Does God feel sadness? What is the 'more' after the 'dual reality'? Is it hidden? It's written in the sky in pieces of torn glass. Rounded in glimmering minutes pasted on the starlight, blank am I in my fire vehicle, broken, showing the meat in thorns of plenty empty, hanging, shaved and in an ardent glaze...

Mad. Just mad. Finally, we come across the brittle stem propped up in elegance. We see a maze made of glory and honor and thoughts, broken, schizoid, trembling, afraid, yet so poignant and so fixed in the cement of eternity, no, stucco of fervent reality digests, function, temptress, visions, clouds, finality in a great smash on the clavichord, a twinge of clergy words insatiate... the cavity is unfathomable and black. Empty, yet this void is what makes all dreamer's full of pomp creation. So what is mythology if not, oh, we've heard it all before. Read the books, they're there. NO! it must be told. There are dreams, myths, stories, images, self-repeating in cycles, is this all I can write about? Am I really writing or just stuck in a trance dreaming it all up in one cacophonous whisper? How can a whisper be cacophonous? I have dreams just like any other living creature. My cats and my dog have dreams, I see them twitching as their eyes roll in their sockets.

In the middle of the night, a whisper can be wall-shattering, wall-crumbling, echoing through the caverns of your dark soul, twisting, meandering in the grave gorges that resonate in your unholy center... branches of the tree of sadness, broom-handle bridge to the occult, serious tangents taken in a mad fit of transient metabolic haze. Will the future bring me death or a cornucopia pipe to smoke it in? I can wake up in the middle of the night from the breeze brushing against my window, or a cat nipping at the door with eyes aware, eyes searching through mittens, feet softly poised on ground, licking lips, whisker radar aimed at possible motions, ears to sound... can a cat distinguish dream from reality? Does it feel love in either? Is it the controlling factor in its life or is there a higher power? Mythologies?

Really there is no bottom. We are just arrested in mid-air, in a flake of a second, in an anti-area of grief shades puncturing my shattered case. I'm already in my tomb, or so it seems, as I peer through a glutinous obscurity, a musical opacity, dim and gelatinous. Every spectre is a note dancing to the rhythm of the falling curtains. Blankets dropping in silent susurrations, flexed ghost incision into the mordant fixation prick tickling the hungry diabolic relaxation fire urging the student of the metaphysical into a boiling weight tacked on the blank walls of a dungeon cell. Black blades carving my core, my nucleus, my pith, my blood pump on overdrive sending warm vital fluids to my frigid extremities. I've given birth to a myriad of brain fissures tormenting my unbecoming grace existence, thoughts that leak from my bottled up rage-wit inking the floor of conviction with a tainted digestion of categorical matter...brief but million-fold, they coil in infinite perplexing shapes, some burned with hellish holocausts, others silent, most of them snowy like the mountainside I peer at with insistence through wafting windows...my Pegasus, my poetic inspiration... Gethsemane, my overzealous spiritual suffering...

Dreamer's roof flooding the sky with brilliant images. Sharpen your edge, you are joined to the mindless mass, you have formed a communion with the abominable earth. My labyrinth is areocentric: Mars has always been the center of my infernal struggle.

Forge the iron of my skull, you bitchy blacksmith. Boxed in, it's the pact we made in second grade: you be the ball that rolls, I be the ocean that drinks you up when you reach the bottom of the hill, spinning. The quell of well-versed entities blood-bathing in a sluice of war providence. Sequoias of senselessness raging in my black pocket I call a human head; what's it for, all this boxing of ultimatum symphonies crowded in cities vacant in neural operation, blind, and democracy is a victory? I return to my maze, my twisted paths that only lead to further darkness in the depths of my labyrinthine ways. Droll, the ways we meet the choir in tangents meant only to be visible by the darkest eyes that glare satin white with red eternity pixels...

Where are the daughters who leap for festive thrashings lost in a mineral hate most pungent when the weather is hot and a veil of cold indifference lights their way to the lampshade homey stall? I can dis sever the weary heart that hungers on liquid grace and is marooned in a bottle of ash lasting. Curved folly in mental rays costly when divergent and prostrate foiled, dingy waves covering the soil sequence, meant for aqueous visitors who primp the ghastly guests...

Oh, the littles off the coast of Mexico, the times and words that ring with solid grace etching their ways into the hungry notion bog which is my noggin, filled with filth, aching for a new alliance to fresh food. I'd like to visit France. Was I a crustacean in a past life, solidified to the heart of my content? Or was I a bawling baby in the bails of Wichita hay?

Calamity, frost, and a bitten fury dancing in the flagrant haze. You've heard it all before, I tell no lies. Lily-liver'd spoon droppings, candied drain of bilious cavity proponent drawn in endless rails of awful night's be-wandering; was a poet a poet even when he flashed his wit every dry bit on the pavement? Leaking sunshine minuets to the lengthy summer's day. Come, come, little precious, gift my eyes with stardom quiet, plenty fuel my noxious dissertation of collegiate misery. Off-white, cautious crayon, have you legs to stand by the drone of your mixed munitions snifter? Locate broken code of cryptic legion. He'll never sense a thing has changed if you become his devilish rune... seeping through the butterfly cups, ending in liturgy, costing nothing but a minute of Time, and what is it, really? We've called it every name in the book. The book is being rewritten.

II

Litigant of the thorny proviso bite...

It's not a bite really, not with teeth of normalcy. We're speaking in tongues. We mean the beggar's teeth of heaven like human life is an angel's psychotic dream. Trials of the broken heart. Sentence after dreary sentence becoming a twisted serpent that chews on the lover of the mile, the one who reality chose as a precedent to hungry hours of longing...

What the book states as its first purpose is the winding human paths in the orb of experience. Deformities. Like cudgelling a dead seabird with lies. Takes the pomp out of being a progenitor. But I never wanted to be drilled into a sarcophagus of cheap bilking. Would you root the glacier plane in an instant of proverbial breath dancing? Shower me golden with intrepid cosmowaitresses? Landing gear is paid for, so why suffer? Challenge me, piecemeal deterrent to calm fluctuations?

Yes, the matter is cold. Featuring a soiled repugnance and a meaty trunk salvaged last October on the tracks, faking a suicide, bleached white on the outside, coffinous on the inside. Necropolis of dying embers mismatched in puddles of behemoth grain, gratitude, and wearisome tucks to the toilet of a militia's hate. Blake. Cast the mineral a dandy seaward fustian. Pray for embroiled sustenance, haughty. I am a diadem in Gnostic, saved, propinquity. Delicatessen lady, will you marry me if I am dying? Will you kill me if I am living, then? Who will ever know?

Whosoever liketh the wisdom of all saintly spires requires diddles in the kumquat riddle puddle pages flaunted in the grime sequence of praeternal solidity quenchers. I've got Giza on my mind. What little does it to give great measles to the savior when he stokes the serenity flame? I see it coming together, this mythopoetical simulacrum, this mephitic causality, pyrogenic hallucinatory movement in linearity fabric, dreams of loss of homeland rectitude, Lotophagi contiguity; I feel sometimes that the lid will blow off my mind and that I will keep going free of friction, in a straight line, vectorially, to some odd end in infinite space, programmed by stillness to fuel the torrid race facing a penchant for physical ambiguity. Yelping mad dogs of the Cerberus kind, those three-headed beasts, three heads the better to think with? I still wonder about my animals and whether they believe in anything at all. My dog has that dumb look in her eye, but I bet when she sleeps she's dreaming of something, she has her dreamscapes, she has imagination. She's Angel. Maybe dog dreams are a place all to themselves, I mean, something

out of this world, unique. We'll never know unless dogs start writing sonnets. The fiery canonization yields that canine pride lasts every minute longer.

Dive in, delve into the broken masses, corrupted tissue, the fearsome loathing cornucopia of maddening bile-stuffs. You who corrode the iron of my repeating fustian, who sharpen blades on my back like I was a warthog, drowning bitter tears of philharmonic carousels flaring and dancing to the bop and sway of hydrogen bombs. Winter stands out like the sore thumb of a dumb whore.

Wait 100 years till our vocal cords atrophy and we become animals again. Said never river flutter through a thought part petty in the meantime when a day is a darling in the mud heart of decay laying said plenty particles flourishing in sheets of delicacy, forward tongue heaving monumental tragic pulsation of fluid grace in empty travel bags. She lifts my heart to the loquacious mentally tuned robot motor engine turbulent wispy twitch of thunder in the beginning all time primordial sleuth, memorised in the ancient tongue of the voodoo cricket.

We are the slow pardoners of melted feasibility, cracked in an upper shell of field and fuelling rivalries, penned release form to the choice invoice of federal bureaucratic citizenship fraud derision in the linear pouring of surprise elements in dreaming sideline puppetry-moulds broken when slithering light shades pompous rampant lines in echoing silence of laughter, the moment of brown Utopia caved in the barbaric heart, islands, the language chosen by the poet because he likes green and can knit a seen image of data compilation from years gone by or the penumbra of a second slipping through composition creeks.

Pre-word ditty on the rambling of a Martian lunatic delivering a sermon of said rectangular emissions from the potentiality vice or ruling feistiness clashing in raining diver's delay, forever frozen in sandstone, parched in the red unit of end-zone reality slop pudging a crystal pressure in cisterns of cataract endlessly rising on the flood ranch, branch by slippery twig, the river is ghost of marble chance. What twisting rivulet the marvellous poet sterling did remember when he was a-maying? Rather he did collect a phrase and piercing shriek that ditty he hummed from beginning to endless river of tears the laugh and maniacal rustic fustian of corny necropolitical embassy-thread-bearer of colonial misery trapped in a shattered sea of marmalade bile sliding in posh mannerism, the sex of Freudian drudgery—

What lines connect the idiom with iconography? Punch the thunder from middle circle bubble blessed written across the void of proximity, the ubiquitous century spine that curves radiantly in whiskers of perfect tempo-spatial globule living in a sea of waves that is the primitive universe. It doesn't matter what your conception of the big picture is, what maxima, we will always be little pictures, little revolving mirrors of self-repetition; broken Sister Fräulein (schizofrenien) you ready me with diabolical threads, the bread cakes an empty triviality to the mistake that blades glaze in estuaries of deceit: flare your honorific bosoms, crave the sentient flavor. Muddle with turnips growing in palatable forms.

The broken glass of the reality mirror, the reality screen, glass, window to the ooze, the dreary empty, dark universe of galactoid perplexity, ironic malady of grotesque think-ink-link dripping labyrinthine statutes on the commentary of life existing in a rolled up newspaper of Trojan mystery, proud of his cola and mind that rubs itself in discipline. Print of the Gazette, cut it up and make a gothic impresario's coat.

Paper is a toilet for a variation on expurgation. I'll always be a crypt while I'm living (encrypted living crypt). I am creating a labyrinth of prose, interconnecting, malleable entity that can never be expounded because I can't possibly write it all down. It's sad, I will be dead and only the tip of the iceberg will be written in prose. Shivers cold. Another little piece will be painted on canvases, a few bits on tape, in record stores or in libraries. How sad is that? Not at all. I have understood something and I can't communicate it to anyone in its entirety. I may as well hang myself now and join the choir, but something keeps me ticking; I'm building a labyrinth, it has to have that one final winding shaft of complex, unalterable light. And then maybe I can sleep for a day and write it all backwards.

Cryptos invading by evasion. Catchpenny catechism. Catalytic catacombs. I am the living cipher: deliver me unto you to do what would I to you to do to others who become an absolutely vile epicentre of grieving solitude. Caressing the arrest of my heart from a second start. The perfume tear, fraught with mystical ordinance. Damned if I do, also if I move back and put the brain on ignore. Linear B dishevelled in my pantheon of symbolism. Thriving for stillness and a right-angled echo...

III

Caves amaze me in distant palaces...

Are you ready, Ariadne? Mother of Dreams, how can Crete be recreated, brought from indisputable ruins where palace after palace brought Beauty, Charm, Shelter, and now lays in cobweb reek and foulness of violated serenity? And you, Blacksmith, where is your realm of fire? Does it rain flakes of it in your shop? What weapons do you use to create this diatribe in reflective poesis? I sense your cannonade of belligerent perilingual mitosis... crimped Neo-gothic fusillades in ghastly-pretty ink... what does it cost you to bleed this way across the masonry? Architectural synopsis; vaults, domes, and hidden gateways to the decrepit fibres of the spider's silken chateau. The tale begins invisibly...

My metropolis is silence. Arches meet where under paths I lay, a gala of twisting funerals in spite lighting the veil that shimmers fixed beneath a cornice flaming red; beady little eyes and grins quaint in toothy white snarl, ancient, widening the gap between man and animal, brutal arcs extending from the carnal umbilicus. Cornucopia of sufferance, anguish, terror; pyres cementing flyers to the ground in irony, honing the customary flood to a riverbed whose life is mellow, but burns in a deepened gorge. Perhaps the pit is a volcano, maybe even infinite in its conical comedy. Dark rock, craggy and mutinous: craftsmen erecting the towers that will eat the cosmos in dwarfed chomps.

I wheel my chariot through empty space, clouding the generations vile with anger. They want me dead for I am angelic youth. Hark, another whisper! Grace is a gas now. The war moves no slower as my pencil strikes or mouths body-long screech visions of abysms calumnious, petals off a rosy cycle of poetic Rages, Furies, Dangers, where Fortunes eat me in minima mouthfuls. I can't hyphenate or chant in sacred villanelles for my rustic professionalism is contagious in its eeriness.

Rufescent, gramineous integument, these visions, a diaphanous haze written in opaque, chaotic melodies circling in my mind's stage where thespian projections in livid light dance Death in 12 movements... nomads of the monad, perinatal alluvion of perceptual data/trauma, minatory in their wrenched thought carnage; pinxit, I am liberated onto the canvas, dark trysts invest a secular decadence in my fuliginous, natural obliquity; obscure in ligneous fata morganas bromidic in their amylaceous physical pleonasm. Comestible blandishings off my hellish islet, thalassic contiguity to my somatic core.

Henceforth, the casual froth placed in foamy Lethe's atramentous arroyo will meekly boil and meet me in the eye where jutting its gulch-jet black fire it will mesmerize me with dizzy whirls. Stare into the abyss, you shan't be darkened.

Forms commute in the gated dirty pool of backwoods canid hunger, toothsaw cramp in raven peckishness for bantling meed, animal neonate, niagaras of blustering Corybants following the helmsman's track. Spray of hyacinth, wildflower, unicorn root, looping organs of amethyst chase. The bold inamorata's misadventure told in frenetic pants: he lay in greys when stomachs turned over.

"Thimb nimble dimps cramped on upstart chasing rivers out of bread in meed asphyx, a bantling nape awhists, cold of the daisied rain, divulets seething in a slop portent of feigning."

The Minotaur:

This somewhat broken frame sits still in Time
Impossibly seeking the unpurged Rhyme:
Yes, Genius sooth that flows onto a page
From inward out; writ of creative Rage.
If feasible, this Art will break the wall
Of my steel cage, in my somnolent Fall;
Impurity in song, I quest for Thee:
Lest I be prone to forging Poesy;
Rage, let's not mistake for Brutality,
Rage, here, is a fad Mentality
With fervor, ardor, seething in a rant,
Mixing my Being's ropes in spirals scant.

Bacchus makes Ariadne a bleeding star in burgundy marshes. Does the physical universe look like a huge skull broken in places, a twisted skull with stars for eyes? I see Picasso minuets tornadoing in my hemisphere. Pictures from the newspaper cut up to look like nebulous effervescence in crystal shimmer, the gloss off the edge of rustic finality, a crux of paper in the middle of a triangologram; round, round, the illusion of round sound—cut up the marginal epicentre, the glorious study of blanched marionettes parading in torn frazzles, a nip and a naught, the costume hits and fits the spotlight of ambush.

Long ruddles, crafty in a piecemeal jet song, the longest of the empty puddles, staring in the gaping bog's sustenance and infinite mash; a puzz-rover for your epistemological brain-tangle. You've got it all right, I never swore on a missa cantata, nor did I sit and rip out my own teeth screaming in the brazen bull of Perillus, the Sicilian Bull, hollowed out; no, I never was in there. Dark, I'd imagine. Tearful.

Brass bowl, a clunk on the gramophone in puzzlionic ceremony. Bleached in three places, aired out for the morrow's blown platitude. Bats fluttering towards me with a spin to the archaic notes of bewilderment, the grassy stoneroad of earthen bustles; a vessel brown in estuaries of dust—my river is no story for an infant, it is a river, the infant is the story and I'm an infant river..

"The sun on the river is burning me wicked, the road I've been walking is helplessly crooked; the sun on the road is hot and unwinding sparks from the back where the lady is waiting." Upon my path an angel sat awaiting my return. We're in a complex mathematical problem, the kitchen tiles are logarithms and the sink drips demented music as I piece the puzzle together one jigsaw rift at a time. Follow me into it again. It's on an island named Crete. We're in Create now, there's no way out except to thread the images.

Roads mixing together with the cedars, old lamps lighting a bowed glow, housing my eyes with a scenery of glass, shorn and pocketed in my right brain, my brain that takes the shape of anything it environs with its speck; statuary clumps orange hazy making an I, dotted, it's a pillar with a rounded tip, an I-shape, shadows smirking on its altar sash, mouthing f-words to the ground in bickering madness.

"Spades, spades, all spades in the smithy." Defoliation in all the correct places. Parthenonic blue companionship between earth and sky, circles wound in yarny pasts; a clutter, ancient and adorned with rope in carnal aftermath, blood-lust typified as penny-whistle drinks on the apple birth written in falling curtains of grisly painters, drowned in their own colors; lost in the textures of the fabric, defeated in rock, missing from existence for a moment as I become the petal and cry, laughing.

The strings fastened about me, fixed in the cradle of my constant nativity. It makes a crystal bowl when nothing is said. Outside on the upcoming cuff, the roll-away is smothered in a good appearance, slaked in furious flames, akindle, lusty smot, crustiferous attaining. Who gloomy thought? Paid by the row, laughed at in the rain with puppet-threads gravely altering our conduct. Oft impersonated.

Guided by the dim beam of their helmets, mineworkers commence descent into the pit; darkened lair of the cautionary sluice; apiece, the hours strike for every lost boy or girl. I am the dark solace, the mud ocean that crashes on the banks but never reaches the shore.

Dream-thoughts active throughout the day, day-thoughts churning through my dream-state; when will a new kind of thought exist, when from these poles I can escape and think, something I like to do, but purely, without recourse to day or night-bound thoughts?

IV

Infra-cocoon...

"Clandestine intestinal nations, alternation, destiny glands in the testament of nativity; the city grit fuelled by ancient fire, blessed by its filth and grime, retiring; mentors in tornado strands, favorites to the tin-can man, the drinker of festive drool, the agent of elation and Time; a fool, parading through the mists, ink in his visceral anathema, a rut in the gut strutting a dreary pipe, burnt cigarillo and unstrung lyres alike."

If I went on like that last paragraph and kept it up for 13 thousand pages, I would get lost in the cycle, it would cycle so much, so fast, so clearly that I could abandon it all and start working on the next cycle. Cycles... I feel tossed into them like in a washing machine [emerald sea cavern]. Riptide: Finnegan Spake: **"The tin motto of the Minotaur's grotto: off the shore with the minutes oaring, I begin to mime the torn shadows, soaring to the mineral water's origin [orgy]."** I can't say that I invented that entirely on my own. The language, firstly, offered my mind the possibility of making its

visions manifest. It gave me tools to chop down the visionary forest, chop it down nice and good, and make a door, chair, and table salad for the grungy populace... each word is a mini-satori, sitting on my chair, smiles ageing, caged in my infernal metropolis, unchaste in my wastebasket scourging of the impossible. You know my song now, the one currently vibrating through my mangled being, it's King Minos' Corpse Stored in a Tiny Box, Rotting, fevers and plagues aching, pox, the voice of the people, vox populi, the choirboys of the church steeple; forged organ donors tossed in a wooden salad bowl... illimitable space contracting like vaginal walls, frozen in the mixed recent history of stolen grass; all the grass in the world was stolen, it is owned by us now, it's ours, green green grass and roses, thank the Lord, he made it possible for us to curate things not even meant to be manifest; the grass outside my house exists because I am a mite on a tick's tit. I like the idea of a curator. I am the Curator of my Erotic Vision. Of course the damned bull skulls are erotic, existentialism rises only fierce passions in me. No one can understand that, not even me, the horror, the sorrow, and a desire to feel good; there's no actual escape from the swollen, gushing vaginal city of my ambient eroticism and lifelessness.

Lord God, my body is my temple, you better believe it. If I want to piss all over the temple walls, so be it. An altar with a nice little star in the middle, auto-tattoo with scar tissue ink; I'm the architect: I write death with my black scars on paper, so the leaves, paper, fire of death, I need some decorations... paintings, songs, mutilations...

You can't be senseless by thinking about it which is why I'm not senseless, I pass the Absurd through a little gothic cathedral in my soul where it can rest for a moment in a few self-repeating forms, give it some solace, being THE ABSURD herself is quite a disheartening job...

His leprous child born of bestial adultery. His wife, the oven, and the birthday cakes. Flowers at the annual tribute; if I mold my being and existence to form these characters, these things, to better understand them, well, firstly I am not the Minotaur or Theseus, I am Alex and melikes the grim spectres of forgotten radios... left to buzz between stations irritating the yellowed walls of the hermit's hut.

At the base is a modern man, no, at the base is a man, IS MAN himself in all his putrescence and infinitely sad glory of black charcoal pools drifting an erratic course towards the streaming core utopia opiate, the cornucopia, man, that's what language allows me to do nowadays. "O Time, thy pyramids..." [Borges] your ancient chunky tomato sauce...

I don't believe yet that my vision is a terminal cancer. With that said, I now believe that it is. It's going to plague me with its bittersweet decrepitude slowly eating me in all the right places until eventually there's nothing left but the mathematical formula of my being which can exist as an absolute outside me and outside the physical universe entirely. That's the romantic idealist pursuit in me. I'm not here to tell it like it is, I can't even do that, I'd have to rip out my vocal cords and my fingers so I can't write even. But, I'll be very honest, I'd learn to write with my bloody stumps... or paint with my teeth... and if I was completely paralyzed or in a coma, ah, well, you know the vision anyhow, it's the same vision we've all been having for 20 000 years.

Cro-Magnon man, at his core, seeks the Opiate, perhaps to soothe the pain of the impossibility of his Utopia. The city is just a replica of an old idea, of a village, a town, a park, a garden, a cemetery, a bicycle somehow, a coffin, your body, the heavens and the earth, tapeworms, death caverns, the crystalline seed of monastic silence; it's the eerie togetherness we're striving for, in tribes, religions, in you and me painting caverns on the baby walls of the bus to exodus [in you reading and my brain sprawled in nudity]. I need to be a bear in the subeternities between hibernation and wakedness with teeth so white I'm completely toothless. Toothless mouths have the whitest teeth imaginable.

A lion one piece at a time and you'll be balancing the tincture of morphia with its descending meniscus, feverishly.

Kafka, your fork is the perfect existential ideogram. The converging lines, the shadows existing just that way from across the room in my medium lighting; that certain ambience I like to have, a light behind me puking my behemoth shades onto everything visible, made spunky by my dark-light tattoo onto the mantle of the for-real. Your fork is a tainted glass bastion to keep away the worries of the coming winter. I'm associating my mind's special warping capabilities/powers to the crooked tree branch bayonet of the fork's bottom part. When the fork falls off the canvas, I'm going to have a burial ceremony. It's done what it was meant to do, destiny called and you answered. They both knew you would warp the truth and wrap it in your cellophane ghost-station of a brain... that was foreseen, they saw you teaching math lessons to the parallelograms and shiny protrusions of firefly troupe, the Philharmonic Firefly Orchestra; you taught them how to count to zero by stapling a door into the funk of a fork. You tuned into the Invisible and recorded the diary of a prince named Radio. He talked

backwards and you knew how to listen. You were honest, you never said you understood what you were teaching or doing, or that you were positive of anything at all in the universe. You did, however, and this is undeniable because it's right in front of me, open the logarithmic portal to some Shakespearean solitude, to the floor of an 18th century shadow veiled by undergarments of time, scraps from Vatican pocketbook thieves. You squared the circle, I don't think it's been done before. Or, rather, you drew a square circle, made a painting out of anti-waste paste, drowned it in a superior sensitivity to tapeworms and their distorted conception of reality. They see an impenetrable darkness, maybe they don't have eyes, but I imagine them at the very least receiving physical stimuli everywhere in their body at once as they move, if they have the sense of touch, and while riding this nihilistic wave out of the sentence, maybe tapeworms don't exist. I only said tape because of Radio, Burroughs, and the numbers on stage left in your rendition of "The Trial"; loops and such, noise sequence, dream sequence, strings vibrating at the heart of the visionary masterpiece; I said worms because my coffee's cold and a tragic swirl in your endeavor made it so that I can't tell the difference between an A and an O anymore.

Sometimes it's fun to humiliate yourself, you haven't been in the ego loop all the way down like you used to when God stuck his whirling needles in your stomach; Jesus' crooked Appalachia, the good kind, so you go back into the loop but not as a player anymore, you aren't a contender for its particular deepness that I am talking about; the "I'm completely lost in this shit" kind of feeling. It might still come back if you don't nurture. For instance, I had to come to a halt after the word nurture even though the sentence wasn't complete; going any further meant a corrosive defining which I still do, I still have lots of Ego; I'm still alive, aren't I? I am, therefore I think. 'Tis the way of the human spirit.

The bedazzlepuzzlion. I am bedazzled, I am a puzzlion, a quest ion, a QUESTION; I am the charged subatomic particle moving through the corporeal labyrinth of ME. Gramophone Death. The cringing static of the needle's grind. I am the prick that stubs your spiritual epidermis. Puzz Lion, Sphynx: the Riddle of The Sphinx. The puzzle dazzles me. Battalion. Babylon. Babel. Lethe's dark slumber.

Deportation to Mixed Community Branch. The tree is 50 000 feet high and holds cities. We are the open sores in the heart of the cocoon. We are the arterial mapwork of the caterpillar's senate. March onto the incommunicable charade bepuzzlion, the crooked archangel of sensitive thought morass. Ever-so-which whatever spherical place. All thoughts thought to get here? This is ridiculously spinning.

Pretending that Present ideas could influence ideas of the Past, then I, this writer, am inspiring Italo Calvino with these present words. Would then my story Backwards be? Inter-convoluted, pob bobil O stomach the horror these walls drape into cosmopolitan task-rackets. An isle, a woman bedazzling with her modesty. Grecian isle.

Viscount of the Stony Grave. Village Hero. The Black Philosopher in Napoleonic Night: Baron of Discontent. The Seeker's Hero. We nearly decided not to say it. In fact, we never said anything. Since the beginning of time, I'm just snoring. A tortrix, sinister clay in verbs of gut rumbling—I could slowly become ecclesiastical—with a pocket of dramatic possibility—populate the torn gnosis-metamorphopheles, gargantuan slab taxing the gay tonguetwister of grimy twitches, the vexer's hexagram tangled in a sizeable formula of vacant shaking brach—winter puzzle of oracular Blacksmithides—we whirl in snow with carnal puppetry, 'tis no secret lot, we plotted the umbilical fancy, the core of my estate; I have no England, no Japan, but I have my mountain, my language, myths; yesterday was but a day ago, a day, how soft, with painted, glassy shrines crystalized, rapid flux; I break from covert ceremony—bastard beguiles, sentenced to life entanglement in grid of wild soliloquy, words streaming—were I wish I was aloof, draping.

Veils caress my articles, predicaments; hostess of my vorspiel—shungun pocketed—lakes aching—were I her wishes—dangling martyrdom like a leafy blanket—sun summertime riding your Ethereal Taxi—Nacht descendeth, doom whistle, estranged from common sound.

It comes to the surface, always, the hyper-surface, retreating; we have entered The Exhibition. This is my labyrinth, my cryptogram—silence befallen, crest of river switchblade creeping—light a match, why for? I wanted to see my own eyes [they look like triangles]. I'm a Gramophone Bepuzzlion, nestled in the ether fiddles oozing starlet calamity vox cuspidor—a horror of broken flutters—feathers, tethered, Leslie and Ned, sir.

This is the Caterpillar's Effervescent Dream. Firstly, we conspire, for the dream of a caterpillar is earthen, mothen, like the vowel sound in 'crux'.

Of Prosy Tangents [Infra-cocoon]:

Mirror to the inner circle, the studied, crawling edge of what's for real; untouched dimensional paradises, the cores of seals unveiled; masters in procession, misers questing for a lone surveillance; pin down able constituents, the past clocked and minimised; the cloak on ample surmise-tracks pale when fearing the nape of cosmic winds: horde common on snake-foot, bang porthole, liquid connection, underground submission crawling, streams, tunnels; time vortex, whirl of past divine; pellets or rocky masses; character is an asteroid; names and cases lost on hot pursuits; the name can tell a lot about the soul; my oil is a paladin; my suit a coat of wells; sun-crest, opposite castanets; I judge dreary make-over lens manifest these truths abeam. My concoction is a purse to keep my snow-laden pockets of summation in.

Gales afly, the morose unity, the self who for the longest time was a loner crazed by loneliness; in a strange park, self by the self; waiting? What for? Inside message from pivotal translation, likeness, badges, made many days of vicinity triumphant mauls. Therefore I succumb to burdens carrying me down shadow-lands, spooky streets, callous hideaways, loose town halls, minuscule tragedy, lies by faulty likes of positive attires. Lone society, curse to mellow seer on teller prey; I'm a syringe that spins around you, every time I pass go, I spit. Tail of spirit, breath that drifts away... Forfeit finding. Liquefying organs—laser in the eye from inwards on a point—when daddy left the secret stash; eerie like it. Minstrel folly, come back, minstrel country; I praise crumb gods, stop the watch.

The poetic relationship between artist and object; you can administer a technique of drawing whereby you stick another drawing already finished underneath and use shades in varying degrees. Try not to be too fancy about it. The imagination; it is to the imagination of the viewer to distinguish between the shade and the light. Index: 1)We can. The word 'can' can mean 'be able to'.

2)Tournaments never obliged a brain to string by. One of the purposes of the mouth is to assure that no foreign object of too hot a temperature or too cold a temperature is ingested. The human body can make sounds from use of the lungs, mouth, throat, and nasal cavity that do not sound human. The common interchange reality bus with the words in it. Reality bus with the words in it. Black like a bus with a gleaming tower of fist-tissue. Chap dissolve; saw three mixes with a tape flying out in the air, playing itself in the deck. It had words in it. The interchangeable reality of a small group; they had a common vision of something. Not knowing what something was. Sleeping with a question in mind and awaking with the final verdict on the issue. Folding back into itself, the mind absorbs, through leaking senses, a reality that does not exist in the way it is perceived without the perceiving mind that allows the standing of the whole charade. A farce, it's somewhat of a farce. A spicy one. Taste my healing prophylaxis. Electric like the sister of bewilderment; moronic thought, twisted when a mind gets the way it gets, too tired, depraved, wrecked. Ear plugs kill the voice of the prophets.

A vixen strikes thee with beautiful eyes, a child within her frame speaks with a whisper and cries. Craving ladies like Tarzan howls for Jane. A vision of two lakes. The dream-town that I depict is non-existent in this material universe; it holds no time nor space worth mentioning. It is entirely in the fancy, flying. Strangely enough, this town has a great gate at the opening, and it bears on it the words **"Tongue seals what a bundle of tired lies withheld."** The tired lies are emotion build-ups in the muscles and in the recesses of the mind. They, at times, make you speak when you shouldn't. They make you belch at sweet candy. Politics, rude-anvil letters, heavyweight 18 wheel truck of the fancy; this is all the name of this town: this town is a voyage. The thought of this town immediately induces the presence of The Voyage. It brings it into play; and the reverse also can be said: if under any circumstance the events under play have a tinge of forward movement—momentum—the town is implicated at once.

The continuing day, constant and darling—non-stop with its train along; a season long-heavy with its handle, a thrown-away, shady orchard in the upkeep near the town's heart, and a grave at the very core. He hears in his mind every possibility and chooses to play only those notes that have a certain somethin' or other. Oh, abstinence with its queer vacuum. What do tired lies mean to you? They are so called this because of their resemblance to the tired ramblings of a sleep-depraved maniac or sick junky. They are lies because you do not truly wish to speak these phrases. The tongue seals, it puts a final definition on sweet happenings: for the tongue is sweet. It lays it all out in the open for all to see. It's kept together with a jazz glue, that jazz binding. A final verdict on what's going down. The inner circle is the core, the nut, the intelligentsia; the outline of what I can make out is what I want to focus on. It's what I focus on that makes my reality.

I'm trying to feel the river in my body; the presence of an immense body of water somehow reflected—a lateral coexistence, a sitting-by, an influx of passion sensed in the abdomen, like I was a

magnet attracted to an iron fence; a seed in my body of a weird touching, a mixing of me and the earth together—in my gut; I sensed a power, the earth's energy. And the whole was equal in every capacity to a picture-frame, a canvas depicting a prairie-town, a dark vessel of a porch-stain remedy. The two lakes are a representation of a duality: man and nature, man feeling nature in the gut, nature feeling man in its breast. The untouched dimensional paradise—the planes riddled senseless; the O so many sides of truth: the void makes a plenty spring back right after. A void in anything. A scaled mountain done so for a friend; would you change lanes for a friend to pass? Slow down for a pretty girl? Evil rank bobbing bank robbing.

The stain of four dead monks. **“This is a demonstration of a pink, isochronal bedtime story.”** ... This is the moth-eaten, moth-driven espousal to the nativity of new origins, new thought; new thought is manna to the existentialist. Sometimes he writes gibberish and warps social thought merely with his ideas, therefore the actual writing, post-ideation, is critically useless. What's a modern Existentialist? What is modern? Surely, this present modern is the most modern of them all. The Present Moment is always at the avant-garde in the war with Time the Defiler.

Back to Blood-red and Crystal wine-glass. Do you believe in sudden visions that have no end? I see a Projectionist in his seat, spooling the tape, the reel running smoothly, smoking a cigarette, seeing the beam of light hitting the dark cavern wall, the molten canvas; Cubism began with the advent of dynamite. Vulcan metal-workers. Pythagoras within the smithy walls.

Labyr! Labyr! Come near, come ever-solely near! grasp my mandible, ajaw, I shall quiver in succession to the whirlwood in lawless gravelgrass streamers. Follow the infinite to the cul-de-sac then return to go. The Exhibition starts out like a newspaper, goes to Tonal Cinema and then through the textbook math of absolute disassociative thinking.

Why talk so much about it? This has been an ongoing Image Database. Once you see that you are inside a labyrinth, corridors full of paintings, ragged cavern walls, frescoes on the scabrous maze-walls; an exhibition, you are lost in its winding paths, its tapestries and flowerbeds. Cemeteries in the Labyrinth's Exhibit. Tonal because these are tones, notes, saxophone cries to Mount Beelzebub. Exit? No, stay longer!

Old man scribbling out problems to To-day's conundrum. The Bus in your cigarette smoke, the Bus in a lantern; **‘the reality bus with words in it the truth of the lesion on the glass skull of intermittent pauses glassed and glazed and grazed and grassy nautical west—yes the jungle of tired wired lies the voyage to newer stars the grass quaint and knowledgeable in nothing more mystical than the fire in my eyes—and relating the fabric unrolling upfurled in trenches closed—bits of better bright in ailments crested silent falling jingle down to leaves the grass and washes out the snow—forever down the limp-side capitulating a grandiose snow opera’—**

How are you Psychopath 4? The House of Zigi at the San Diego Zoo. Shapebot. Our minds are machines with illimitable use of Systems. Systems of Perception! Filters! Why stick to a singular reality, why not warp it continually and real the fruit of multi-facets?

We climbed Mount Oedipus Texas. We walked sidewalks and subway tiles. Kitchens! Pazuzu Deathwatchers in the kitchen dishwasher! I'm too cruel a safety toucher of persistent recollection, I drag out the punchline and let you dwell in the consuming fire of Over and Over and Over Again. Again in afghan. Something quite morose took place during the writing of these texts. Bear with me a while.

Bedazzlepuzzlionitis is the Meta-Brain Psychosis! This text is the general configuration of the virus molecularly and melodically. Correctly interpreting my ownness' avalancheangelicality. Pages to the immortal filth. “The world that I was visioning, the world that I saw out through my senses; the world was nauseating, it made me want to burn all the churches. The churches and the steeples are on fire, the church and the steeples are on fire; I got what I desired, I burnt all the angels in the choir.”

V

The Promontory: Gramophone Bepuzzlion...

'ancient riddles hidden in yer genes, chaotic symphonies hidden in the palm of your hand, archaic tongues sprawled in the boot of your yearn—highfalutin, they praise the Lord with mongers of the fugitive spice—races made for sunshine, races as in core nut Utopias not as in core evangelical nonsense garble—i am the madmen, you are the madmen, we are the madmen three—'

Language will always have an element of mystery, as will the human brain; we, as a population, could never find out all the Truth about the human being, we will never have the tools and we're going in the wrong direction. The work that was done with the genome, it's interesting and the work in genetics and genomics is important for many reasons, but it's not how we're going to learn anything valuable about the human mind/spirit, which in essence is intangible.

I speak and write in French and English yet the language I use when I am expressing myself is not French or English, it is an internal language that I speak, I only use French words and English words, and whatever other words I have access too, much of the time words I've never encountered. It's intuitive. When you hear me speak in English, let's say, it is logical and sounds like English, and it IS English, but

within the melodies and rhythms that I am using, I am speaking my own language of rhythms and melodies, similar to Bach structures, except they aren't Bach, they are Alex.

I noticed this in recent years when I tried to express myself artistically through new mediums. When I try something new, the first thing I produce is what I will continue to try and elucidate if I decide to continue with this medium till I master it, and I only decide to do that if I feel this new medium will work to express my message, my language, my internal associations. The first language that we learn in life, and for some it is a language never learned, is the language between Me and the Environment. The person and the universe, you and the scenery, the physical realm, Space, matter, the physically manifest.

At the same time or much later, you learn to communicate with yourself. You become aware of your being and you have the internal language of your thoughts, of your emotions. Most people never go through any of these steps, they are stunted at birth by some sort of language/communication traumatic phobia. The fear of existing. Once we can communicate with ourselves and our environment, once we've mastered that art, then we can communicate with others. With others, however, we can never communicate properly because our internal languages are alien to one another. With some people it can work, and it works to a certain extent because we have pre-existing languages like English and French and German and Greek etc. that can be learned. It offers an alternative to direct spiritual communication of the internal universe's logic. Art is another alternative, but art consists mostly of perfecting the artist's understanding of his/her internal and external realities. When that language is nearly perfect, others can view our art and it can reach and touch their internal logic/language/rhythm/counterpoint/harmony. It's very mathematical to

me, communication. Linear and non-linear, or neither, maybe something else. The non-linear part is more abstract, consists more of fragrances, of feelings, intuitions, great architectural structures on the promontory of my heart where I give the existentialist lecture, the spiralling staircase of my being, where *I* reside; the vortex, whirlpool, abyss, the extra-physical realm or infra-physical micro/macrocasm; when I reach out to communicate with another being, I can't do it directly, I can't go from my lips to their ears, that would be Utopian.. in the physical realm things seem linear and connecting, in reality nothing is what it seems; I am standing next to this person talking to them, but our BEINGS are in very, very, extremely distant and unreachable places. Such a thought might lead one to feeling deep loneliness, alone in our own worlds, unable to truly communicate with other beings. The truth is, this inward dimension, though it is eons apart from another's, has the same elements, the elements that make up our inward dimension are the same elements as everyone's, and these elements can communicate; we never understand it, but they communicate beneath our understanding, and that type of understanding is more powerful than any Reason and Intellect.

We are miles apart in this physical realm, not only over oceans, I mean even if I was standing beside you, I would be miles apart; but we connect, we have the same Origin, we come from the same Home, Heaven, or Vacuum, call it what you want. When we each look inward far enough, we find that Origin, we find our Father, our Palace, words used to describe it can vary. Then the loneliness stops because we know that all other beings are on the same mission, the same adventure, and came from the same Point of Departure, crossed the same Threshold. This can bring us peace or it can bring us

displeasure. It brings me peace, it makes me say, "Fellow warrior, fellow traveller, may you find peace on your Voyage, may you do what needs to be done, may you rest in peace once you have reached the End.." and the End is also the Beginning; it is not a mission of 'leaving behind, moving towards, finding, and returning back'. All of that is made up logic, it's not 'A to B to C to B to A', it is only that way when we take thin slivers of the Form and make it exist in the medium of time, of duration, of temporal movement, of clockwork ticking and adding up each tick to make a Length Of Time.

When Mozart thought of a symphony, he heard it all at once, in one Unity, not several notes moving in Time, no, he saw X: all of Mozart's symphonies Overlapped, not separate entities, just one X. So what we might call the Mission of the Human Being from Origin to Death, is actually one Circle, there truly is no Movement, just a beating like that of a drum, a little rhythm, a Breath...

You can disagree completely, I will accept that. These are the words that ooze out of me, these are the words that come out of my brain one at a time, it might not make sense because of that very illusory motion, you may not understand them on the surface as they are in-themselves, which is natural, because these words are illusory, they have their own appearance, but they only POINT to TRUTH. My words are not Truth, they are just words, binary code, little etchings, murmurs.. For the actual Beat of my Inward Heart and Being Resting-Place, maybe you would have to make love to me to find it, I don't know, that's one possibility. Or you could go down to your inward heart and find your Crux or X at the same time as your eyes pass over my words: in which case we will meet at the Center where all is pure and vestal, and breathes one breath.

Gothic architecture and the English language. Corinthians. Goths, Huns, Vandals in a sort of Macabre Opera, completely imaginary, fluttering with ambient prosody, slightly askew, running obliquely, tangent-prone; then I return to the heart with a clump, thrash, cascade, not always as obvious as a train-wreck or as ancient as a crashing chariot with woodshards a-plenty shooting outwards in sharp, violent 'mitraillettes'. It could easily be alluded to in the chance meeting with a bird, a raven, or whatnot. "El cuervo es más Oscuro que el paloma zurita. Es macabro!" Notes on the Cyclicus Scriptor.

I release just as much with depicting the florilegio spirituale with naked grace as with climbing Mongibello, Mount Etna, the Mount of Mounts, projected in a silent film overtop Vulcan's Forge; the Blacksmith's Volcano. Maybe I like writing about making weapons rather than using them. I just know that whatever I write or paint, it comes from the same place and is the ethereal lavation. Falsification is the only 'gothic writer' sort of hoaxish machination that I endeavor to use.

We're back to Bartok on the Gramophone. The rain puddles down in torrentsheets, quiet, abysmal, and my heart caves into itself, with a crash. The needle inches around the black circle with soft cringing scratches. Language is the base, the infrastructure. What populates the exhibition are physical manifestations of my internal Work, my associative lingerings and going-ons, my thumb-stroke, my butterfly wings; a symphony in Quiet for the bountiful flavored puddles of Lethe Blanketing from Skyhigh.

Market Mars. Sell it for a dollar to the next peddler of Ubiquity. If you glued broken shards from 12 different vinyl records and made one composite record, you would hear the Song of Dementia. It rings and furies me in naked flurries of anti-pistachio felt epaulettes, Baron Montreal, eerie-likeness to Want.

The Irony of 4 Ecclesiastical Protagonists urging self-sacrifice to cure the Meta-Brain Psychosis which is more Salvation than Affliction. Arabesques seen through the taxi window. We're in the dark corridors of the Catacomb; at the Core is The Promontory. This is where great feats of Oratory are being executed. The Professor gives his lecture. The Audience has parts of the speech projected in the architecture surrounding them: this to aid the Speaker's memory. Think Recitato, think Parthenonic.

'Talea Babylo': my portrait in an intaglio. The Santa Maria Novella Crucifix by Giotto di Bondone. Dante writes, of Frederick II: "ultimo imperadore de li Romani". Dante also puts him in circle six with the heretics, and in a fiery coffin. Atziluth: blood red; Briah: dark rose red; Yetzirah: rich red; Assiah: crimson. These seemingly random things that I write will all come together as I conclude the missa cantata.

"Solve et coagula", break down that you may build up. Keep going, it's okay, psychic uproar, bathing in blackness, it's all part of the Awakening. Through the soot, you'll see sublimity. The labyrinth, abysmal, dark, broken, IS the great Unified Palace! For those untouched, unscathed, without any emotion or intensity of feeling at this great exposition of Truth: look elsewhere, burn the book.

The Exhibition can't even be said to be my own conception. The Minotaur, the black beast, Putrefaction; it's me I'm looking for, once I slay myself, then congratulations, I am the anointed King

Crimson. The Rivers of Milk and Blood in The Venice of The City part II are none other than your *tinctura rubea* and *tinctura alba* [red tincture, white tincture]. Once the Emperor and the Empress unite, Sol, Luna, we have our magnum opus: Temperance, in Exhibition form, nonetheless.

Fortuna's wheel: *regnabo, regno, reganvi, sum sig regno* [I shall reign, I reign, I have reigned, I have no kingdom]. Castel del Monte. Release the dove, let it fly through the prism of the rainbow, let it return as the golden fleece worth writing on. Rosetta, you putrid melancholic warden of deconstituted amplexness, stewardess of concern, blanket ravaging illustrious commodity of the Human Stream. Seven leaven Daedaluses for the commoner's prance; eat the Devil for breakfast before you enter a Carnival made of molten steel. You who disagree, welcome to the committee. You're at the back, can't hear you.

The Curator of Silence: Unfinished symphonies every second, floating in the air. Cantor, cantor, who are the cantors? Silver wheel and countenance undone, I have befouled the airs of kingdoms drowned. All to Here, ye scholars black and broken; tumble forth to mad shower, pour the lightning and savor each malignity! Poverty horrors, drunk and vain in the lingering moments of dung, heaps blazing, sufferers aching to eat wisdom! Laugh and be merry, mourn and taste a stronger *bilis*.

Two-tongued Horse Provender, blacksmithy in dissonant wavering! Councils depraved and marking tornado months in the year of calamity. Ezra, be proud! The world drowns in a vanity it cannot yet yearn for! Know thy wants, yet procure me nothing vested in knowing. You are a sodden lot, etched in seeding with the minstrelsy of one braided stalk of unhealthy grass. Meet me in heirlooms, I am the covenant of Inferior Flame stamped on the envelope of Perdition, sealed, squinting, I am a Laugh!

Har, har, you seeded monsters petalling down like rainsheets in gratuity. Who hungered for pain, who dreamt up sadness to cure a heart swollen with perfect joy? 'Twas I; 'twas you! Hold no contempt for us, we're overzealous in our joy, we feed enmity the only cure it knows: love, love for the mourners, love for the mourned, love for the villain who only fights justice for justice's lame sake.

Black rain, splenetic rain in torrents of sinful beauty. Altars at the missa cantata! Empty, vile, denuded of all that's left. Sinister! ha! mordant laughter in the brewing of throbbing constellations, prosaic, poetical, mad! Missa solemn, oh cringing terror of the damned orbital, martyred leaflet of the puddled moor's door into the vastly expansive sedimentary alias. Little crimples on the dozen don'ts of superfluity.

Mefistofele! rise! I wouldn't touch you with a *decempeda*, that's a ten-foot pole in Latin. Intimately probabilistic. Nexus to profundity of Town. Saw the real ingredients in haloes offshore near Mexico. Not the real Mexico, I'm not going to say it all over again, it already took many nights to compose. The City should exist in your mind as clearly as in mine, so should the Cemetery for it's the same Ideal.

Throats craning like loons in provident arousal of morass. Tough luck for Mr. Butterfly; a morass of pigment, a lake of flaking fire for the drowners. Link us in daisy-chains, burn our unholy viscera in the niveous integument of Grace's comestible defoliation. Umbrage genius, ahoy!

Back to stage one. We've been here before. This time the gate is to the carnival. Voices. Voyage. The Exhibition is undergoing a sustained hiatus do to lack of sufficient funding. Such is the way of the capitalistic bog. Venice! I adore your age and loath you for your beauty! Enter now. Time's begun.

O wary capital of my disgruntled mind-workings! Infinity resounding echoes in my silent, fomented ferromagnet. Hysterisis of the confounded giblets. The Muse is blue, I'm not content with just listening, I've also got a case of the migrains. Flowers and prison walls: O comfort me, Yellowing!

Incarnadine minute wheel, tumbling of the stomach's roller. Visionary oasis, smote in milken threnody liaison to the Immaculate, smelting verses in the hirsute Commedia del Grotesque Subterfuge. The question 'what's it for?' is the reason I keep quiet and writing and never answer. *Le mystère est dévoilé*. The Minotaur is indeed my Carnival Mask. *Masque de théâtre, masque funéraire, masque carnavalesque*.

[Sourde comme la pierre noire ou je m'installe pour écrire de la vaporeuse, affreuse, et degoutante (dans sa fausse promesse, dans sa lucidité d'être) Mort! Tu me grele et je reste figé ici, inconsolable et peureux, face à face avec cette pudeur, ces immenses flots, ce délire, échéant comme de rires démesuré, une sage morbidité qui ce manifeste en petits murmures, en chuchotements: le Chaos qui déconcerte l'individu.]

Stare blankly into his wild eyes. Carnival of Venice, as played by Paganini. Festival of the higher arts, of medicine and neuroscience, genomics, in federal bureaucrazy. Lo, I've had the curiosity and willingness to witness all the little passages of a cat's life, and of my own and those around me. The staring with wide eyes, innocent, yet ready at every moment to kill for food or for its own vivacity. The morbid circus of the everyday, I say; the bushy sceneries of carpet plush, a cat's cunning walking the catwalk, as is the common phrase, led halfly by its eyes, then by its whiskers' ultrasensoriness.

If there was a midnight sun, the Cat Goddess would see it. I would be sleeping, mind you, with a peering cat on my breast, eating the avalanche of perceptual data, information streaming into its tiny eyelids, gasping for more breath and no tears; cats don't tear up, they merely stare in a stout absence, yet all-knowing since they are remorsefully murderous.

Tell me you haven't sat and observed the ticking of each second resounding like a mad torrent in your brain. Such is the life of silent contemplation, such is a stupor; Nietzsche in his syphilitic catatonia would have agreed wholeheartedly; he was the abyss, he no longer required movement or thought: he was pure, saved. Was he repentant? His declaring God dead did more good than harm; it bred doubt, and doubt is what inevitably casts a man's soul towards the Heavens. Man wants to know how our dear Friedrich could be so solemn and divinely confident in his declaration. Man wants to love himself. Or loath.

The only route to exacting speech is to see the full length of one's monologue. See it from the pangs of birth to the lamentations of death-bed craze and hunger for youth. See it that way and play chess, make the most logical move at each location in time and space. You, I, stand on the checkerboard. Queens and kings populate the lawn of our indecent serendipity: if we only choose to notice it. Mersault in his prison saw the tragedy of Light from uttermost pitch to sublime joyless immaterial brightness. Joyless? Again, certain things are dictated by men to instruct: things are said assuredly—even absurdly!—to cast doubt, or to rise the passionate flames in his or her confrere. I say potato, you think, why is he so cocksure?

Yes, sometimes the next action in the just progression of the chess-game is an absurdity, a negation of your primal purpose. Why is that? Is it so that we may be like nature, that we may be still like the surface of a lake yet keep that dreadful thunderbolt when it is needed? Trust me, it is needed. 'Tis better to confound an opponent with slurred speech and meaningless gibbering than to slit his or her throat. Surely by death, you bring them nothing but death; by the gleaming nonsensical utterance, you somehow bring them unfathomable Graces. Truth, the Question. I am the positively charged ionic participle. I am the bedazzled bepuzzlionic man. The Now-man, the Truth-seeker. Absurd—I'm nautical!—and remotely beautiful.

Ah, but beauty, yes, that burden on the human heart. Dostoevsky pronounced it the battleground for Satan and Our Beloved Father God. It is true, I've seen it played; I sat and watched a cat's whiskers move with the scent of cat urine on the outside of the house pissed by an unknown cat, a blessed or evil cat, no cares, the wiles of my feline princess are so that this streamlet of fragrance emanating from the great outdoors is one worth concentration, and one which presses close attention. Might be dangerous, no fear.

Her father's carmine suspicion, belligerent old man he was. Foredoom. Presage.

This is the all-encompassing sphere of morbid passion, drowned flakes of bitter, fallen sadness; where is the subtle fringe of darkness, the ominous black, more akin to a spoon sounding against an emptied glass, milk still clinging to the inside, inching slowly backwards, down, and this only in the pictorial? What about the bitter taste of your lover's humanity, tasted in the ear when your lover leeches from the swarm in puzzled, abstract math participles, the near-pacifier's whisper of doves adoring in vain unity of vacuous iniquity, enmity, unique profundity of human misery, propinquity to blasphemy, and angry vorspiels in hateful skulls, stubborn, ignorant, lower, cursed and then cursed again for peace of mind with stakes in our forefather's eyes? I am merely Caligula so that we keep seeking for the impossible 'darkness' even though we found it at birth with such a stinging cry, the earth cracked and vultures flew out from a magmatic prison, and we died in our yearning, left to spend a hundred years as dry ghostflames aching and re-aching, so sufferant in our superiority, luxurious so as to enjoy the last pearly milken drip of destitute horror and gape-mouthed nightmare-yielding desolate blankness, madly tugging at bedsheets, eating rotten flowers. This too is an old pink blanket with singed-black prickles scratching an unconsumed, sleepless, limbless, martyred itch? No such blackness, all immaterial, invented; the sugarshack floors in wooden creaking, all pretend, all not truly frightened. Fear is of fear itself, not ghosts or Satan or a Lord awaking to find cannibalistic children; fear has no color, fear doesn't

know itself; truest Dark is Light, we all know it, the most sublime, graceful, beautiful, THAT is where my darkness exists, not in my lust or my coward's crooning, nor in my violent want to smash its interior. No, my darkness is subtler, it is when I love, empty-handed, with radiant battalions, first myself, then projected outwards in concentric spheres echoing out into a vacuum, and unspeakable truths greater than heaven and earth flood me, shake my cavern walls, and create the first silver, sterling drop of forgetfulness. It's not a Crusade, it's stupidity I abhor.

I don't know what that was, I don't find it particularly enlightening, amusing, or scary, I just assumed some character, some noble clergyman perhaps, a long life of servitude, crucifying himself into a schoolgirl with tongue a-flick and slaking fury in his mangy cock, mad serendipity of finding a pretentious truth in his ebbing desires [ebony], as the girl lays holding her swollen cunt, days later, caked in meek blood lost at the price of holding a taste that is truly rare and beautiful. Yet I know it's not oblivion, it's something deeper, closer to Cézanne's apples and oranges than to forgetting; it's flagellation, renewals in disavowal of the Self's spiral of pretending. It erupts in manic laughter, in poetry of Ned Tender and Sad Ted's Ninnies. Broken staircase in the month of remember. Baffled apples, said befouler of blessed sanctity. Swollen magpies of dust-bile and crooked greenery of witchface toothy snarl and mad yelp of piano keys dis severed from the mahogany complete. Doused in the kerosene of ineffable mistake, done before your eyes, you, locked in a prison of your alter-ego, your better half, or worse, committing worse than crimes, worse than defamation, desecration, more or less, it matters not to the taster of the lass' wine, and it is not evil, nor is it good, it is just, not revenge, not hate nor spite, heaven and earth partake in no part of it, and neither do you! yet your tongue laps her sanguine maiden tart and your fingers prod her bleeding umbilicus, now become a dark shaft, then an abyss, tasteful fruit and just wine, beauty, better than gold or silver, not fit for happiness nor sadness, no emotion, you are imprisoned in unknowing yourself, trapped behind a glass partition that stops all sound and thought from entering the beast, no, the God that kills YOUR offspring in cannibalistic hunger, salvation through instinct, the just flowering of events, however sullen or aberrant.

Worse can be done still. We are not descending nor climbing. Stillness in concrete slabs, silent, most honorable silence and serenity, perhaps one prospectus of mirth, an astigmatic yawn, the doing of your Other selves, mounting in cavalcades, mutinous hordes, chief and proselyte, disciple, doers of what you need most and fear, of what you cannot truly want, deeper than skin, than bone, than grime on grime feeding the bilious integument with dirty stench of festooned carcasses in the Appalachia of after-war.

You lose; this is Pathos. Guilt is sown 500 miles away, the fruit bears here in the desert where people can never pass, the starving die before the oasis enters the field of vision. Always well thought-out before. It's not a crime, nor devilry, it's a psalm like any other, just not David's nor mine, but the lute is in my hands, so be it, my skin, maybe my bones, I can't tell; you can get your thousand jurors to testify against me, I swear, bleed me, I did not do it, the very word of action, doing, that is unheard of here. If you only knew, and my rhetoric is flagrant, the troubles with which I merely entertain the thought that I was truly duped by myself, that there were no outermost forces working in conjunction with the ever-so puissant center? Puissant? Piss-ant!!! You piss-ant, me, abnegating yourself! This is not anger, anger requires some fuel, that some deed be done! No deed has been done. I'm ready to counsel and state that no universe exists before I state or even begin to think that I am being accused of killing a doll, a puppet, a toy, and I intend no metaphor here or now, it was lifeless to begin with, you sour pigs, made of fabric. Go on, act! Further your case, prime your fingers juicy so that you may better the point! You have never seen Violence.

Her bruises blush in wait of her preferred mode of treatment. I shower thee with honest gifts: Pathos to rise thy Doubt and turn thy face to Questioning, which is Heaven, having beat myself against my own cruel, carnal waves in thousand thunder tones to insinuate, and lead to, before your very realization of any of it, that this cacophony is NOT what you like to hear, it's NOT what you want, it's bad for your mind's ears: so turn to the Lord's Psalm. It is honey.

Were woman's heart a violet, could you tread upon it still, man? A gentle flower! The churchbell rings and my heart quakes heavenly choirs. Heaven is a word that cannot find conclusion in the material world of sputtering verbal notes, of talk, of friable verbosity, of hysteric philosophical invention, of frenetic compilation in reality digests, of cruel disgust and yearning for deeper want of disgust in the immaterial Heaven! You twat! You won on me! You stole my phrase and made a better world of Heavens!

If I was, am the writer of this prose, then I must say that you've just been dragged through some sort of upset, however small it be, it was a slight tremor of sufferance, or maybe it was a laugh, it's all the

same in Heaven! you goddamned crab-apple. One moment to regain my senses. There, you were pulled through the mud of both our beings and all I have to say is this: you're on Carnal Camera. Cubisme!

VI

Sun, so that I am...

Cro-Magnon Woman. *"Finally, we see the bottom of the pit. We visit the labyrinth and its winding roads, its hidden beasts who feast on our children. Children, children: our thoughts."* I'm totally serious, then I smile. I smile sardonically and happily at the same time, not happy that my smile might progress Evil's descent into the world; smiling for want of sadness; I smile for I am enlightening, not fully the absolute ordeal of perfect illumination, still half-black, half downtrodden, sod of lawns procreating silly twits of grass-threads, stalks poking out into upper heaven vastness, empty space inching curds of swollen magma and maternity in the evilness of the curator's diligent madness, porphyry. I'm afraid of That because I don't Know. The human fear of Madness. That would be the simple convolution of a human spirit into tangles which forget, labyrinths of depraved gluttony and greed, erased, no memory of what life was in youth when all was a clear-toned joy of clinging to superior highnesses, promulgating Itself into apples or oranges mad wants and senseless travesty; a young one stabbed in the heart when the heart never knew itself. Then die.

You fear becoming yourself. You state what you are, then what you will become; you state what you have been and how it was so true to yourself. You are exactly what you've always wanted to become! Screw you, you outrageous liar. You're madder than I am right then and now. Yet, watch me.

You who I would become in love, myself the one that I have never known; those that I tread over when I reach out to grasp you in your final breath, you, your heart gasping towards an empty heaven with wants and daughters broken on the throat's pronouncement: I have never been.

Me who ceases the moment and makes hate the final movement of an opera! Symphonies beaded like globules riven with intrinsic decrepitude. Flowers tumultuously tumbling down the page, each note a fragrance of itself, a 'towards' the greater Beauty of an alliance with a greater Power. Let me know when you've reached the beginning, for I wrote it and smote not the sour chit and chatter of my own dear song. For this is the Requiem of the Smashed Exhibition. These are the liars of our world. Continue.

Choices are still to be made, new forms have yet been discovered. Has a great dismanagement been cornered in the bleak abyss? Ah, my mad and sad gentility, provinced of a purer soil, the ground where likes of unknown puzzles roam; a light that knew its goodness when it appeared; kindness, a shovelful for martyrs who slew Night and brazen blared uncomfited and moiled, bread of the Angels, swollen mass! that blackest Mass of sweet music drowned where sonoric exuberance meets meekness and spoil; you perfect rose, stem and that wholeness undivined, petal by petal, thin lips float and I submit attention to the myrtle and marred hope of insatiate hours! ponderous of hourglass slips and silken mothers daughters children 17 years old, of the female persuasion, not torrential pornography, but the actual love of a perfected female form, at its highest! Surely the woman becomes more with age, as does the man, as does the flower, the cat, the God who is ageless! No, not, never, nor is, naught, unflinching, sever soar and mighty crashing moors of sour milk, the unknown bust, a breaking mast, the stall of indifference; no, not That, not This nor Anything, Time! Please hear me, I'm crying.

Friends who made paintings, conquistadors... we'll never realize the pain and the humility, the soreness of the sorry self; we must face, deface, defame, and rule the Face of the Hour! Those whose mutinous howls confront us in steel-toed boots of horrific minister's letter. That was not the end of a sentence which most are well acquainted with. It was Horror, then followed by the paper, the actual stuff that meets my reader's hands; the chemical formulation of a device on which I can spill bubbles and tinkles, stomachs and architectures of war, dowries, mother's milk in spatial floods at the most bottom of a gorge; a Prince's note, sent to his superiors. That's got to be an important something. It truly isn't.

Iron in the heel to stomp the stolen laughter, routine, muttering gulf of Dada Bards, brethren of Song and splitting atoms. The Hour? Explained. Absurdity relentless, to solve the puzzle out the back entrance. They be mystified: written on a piece of paper in blue ink, making their portrait. Yet bravery infuses sageness and a freak dimple on the weeping tremblers. Will-o'-the-wisp seen in my reflection, grimy with derelict hope and sanguine terror on the cheekbone. Take my hand and enter the spasmic vortex of my debilitated Requiem Anesthesia:

Ancestral caves of Mind and Culture, oft
Lost and then regained; antiquated spires

On the Edifice of Burnt Melodies:
Shrouded by our poor, fading memories.

Boreholes of the riant priapist, prying rye but hold the cauldron sword! pliant and supplication hungry; a dozen prisms for the threesome, half an eggshell for the photo shoot in Spectra. Surprises from depth-reading, from literary subdividing of the quintessential, encephalitic Moil; quiet denizens reap the guerdon of their swollen thoughts. Closer still, room a bride and covet thy neighbor's Colossus.

Great Vaginal Void of the World! Covet me my shredded umbilicus, my home; outdrifts of melancholy dribdrab, the running puddles in shooters viscous shade, the lakes furious, disconcomitant, flurries boxed in seraph's braidery; luxurious, high-mighty, crying long tonsils of rural diaphaneity. Chewing on televisions, phonographs; linking smalltown fumble and longshore strategy; to pay me a swansummer, daddydaddy. Circumseparation, wholesale scented bibranches. The Y in symmetry. Great spoil...

Argot and Argonauts. Arrogance and Cupid's Arrow. Primalpoint mixed with seaswarms full of trapped sunblisterfollies, aching moronity swirls and serendipity. The Burial of The Dead: psalms post-David. Minimalist animal magnetism. Mad hunger of the junkfilled squire. *Néozoïque*.

Crags, altartops, elderheights in climed abbesses, deathdefying laud of clasping surgeons: grip of the wallshaft throat-happy and echo-redundant, lapsing into memory's doll, meting rulers to the mathematician, sceptres to the *Scion of Decrepitus*. Deserted aftermath of kill: silence in the choir's officeroom and courthouse mock-shrubs in mahogany and glass. Filtering out the useless hordes of datum filling the brainfile cabinet, senile and rectangular. Lines meeting at the cornerstone's door to obsolete, ruinous mansions, churches of irregular behest, lost champions of a supersuffering reign. Barnyard frenzicle, swan-cycles erupting gradual enciphered magus. Pandora's murmuration: looted lute, deluded and alluring.

Aegis and wavekennel, proud,
Drowsy in empirical flaunt;
Dizzy wayhaters soft
Handling of the wordcurer's want.

Crated in hasted financial emancipation. Rooms uniting in rememberology: chance advocacy of mineral source, the dark curator ambling in preambles, choice moods gaunt & effacing evasiveness, slender minstrel embarking in disconsolate porphyritic texture.

Embellished fragmentation. Nuclear mystic painting circus cubicles in a squared circle where he dines on corpuscular idealism. Logarithmic cornucopia dark as the ritual-master's cavern in his lonesome creeping; candlelit echo-expanse, walking round in his smothered immediate world: to portray the "instantaneous and hand-drawn color photograph of the superfine, extravagant, extraplastic, extra-pictorial, unexplored, super-pictorial, super-plastic, deceptive, hyper-normal and sickly images of concrete irrationality." Laughing, crying, torn by the shifting shapes of the Crevasse. Keep the watch.

Bromidic sculptures of living vases; black crystal walls of the broken cavern form-mitigation. The angles of the randomly jutting platforms at the nadir of the abyssal grotto, dark browns and cinderblock amber, sharp shadows, all melting in burnt sienna from the light of a torch; academic, scarlet Alps wreathing in procession on the stark promontory of the visible mountainwomb; the birthplace of Ritual: the Exhibition.

We begin at the bottom of a fathomless pit. This is absolutely Existential. The scenographic scheme is mechanical; the naturalistic wall composition of the hollow, our deep burrow of excelsior whim and fancy, pixilated, is seen through our modern Senses deformed. Bemused, rending, giving attention to Pixelated Reality Fragments [*pixilated*, warped to conform to modern day *pixels* in digital imagery], the Seer gives alms in chant and world-abolition in a Projection in Spectralist Pixellation. The author-ecclesiastic in the bottomless deepness, projecting his mind's wanderings onto the visibly real; the fluttering shades trailing on the confines of his subterranean abode from his torch-illumination, his primal-point, existential womb, room of Contemplation where he creates his metaphysical universe in sand-scatterings and prayer.

The whole is cathartic: Zeus is born. The Cave of Psychro, *Dictaion Andron*, with curtains of stalactites, murals of brazen bosom languishing, stalagmites molten in disastrous twinkling; repine of the illustrious monks whose shadows Death might climb to reach the divine, picturesque plateau of Lassithi, in Crete. The Village of Psychro. Altars built of field stones. Mystery and silence in the nativity-

chamber, geometric archaism, horns of consecration, sacred boughs, our Mother Goddess tooting Infinity's song; bird-wandress in bereavement through the Hermit's Hut, floating back to the Projectionist's Crib.

Multitudinous centered cantors, a-canker cantering; movements of a contemplative quark monk in the first-field band of the neurological wastepaper basket, three quarters revelation of serious joy, literary excitement, modules of euphoric pre-creation mania [conception-to-execution Process, spokes on the wheel of Progress].

There is first a fallacy in all arguments, the first sliver of sound in a verbal, dialectical expression is paradoxical and negates, destroys, nihilicizes everything before or after it. Well, then you rebuild, reconstitute, fanatically and ritualistically. You misunderstand the natural universe and continue on your wayward logical path until irregular shapes smash you in the fabric of your inner ear. Bounce off each extremity of the antipodes, stick to a middle path of genius, straight through the orbs of knowledge and truth and all the other drab inventions. Ignorance is a part of everything, Everything is a part of a sentence denoting Ignorance which can at times perforate through great masses of data; it is intuition, you see what is not needed ideologically and instead of throwing it out later, you take a quick turn, look the other way, and be blind to it. I call it being an Idiot to a Cause. An Idiot FOR the Cause of My Own Crooked Design. A jest: the television screen. Every step is a digression back to the path, a digression from a natural process of random jitter that threw me off-balance, into the way particulars [wave? particles?], and now I climb back up Mount Gargantuan Sublimity, Light sarcasm and morbidity, 'la chanson, le calme, et l'infini'...

It is the digestion of what I see coming towards me with powerful headlights, Gide's '*Faux-Monnayeurs*', this cubist painting that I am making—I have the frame and everything. A wall-painting. A cubist room that one can put in one's room [my wall] and who knows, maybe it will make one's room a cubist room, or a Spectralist Robot Pixel Room... a Human Brain Deformed and out onto the canvas.

My brain is my room; I am the perpetual dancer inside the sarcophagus of my ideational palace run down to impeccable ruins. Dramaturgy maintaining an Aesthetic of Dilapidation. Perfection would be drab, if not overwhelmingly foul. Wouldn't you want an Anexhibition, a Great Veiling? We would throw a cover over top the Exhibition in Tonal Cinema. Denuding the Nudeness, to show its truth by breaking it down, or moving away from it, staring it in the face, dissecting, boiling, reuniting, transforming; Variations on the Human Body Sonata [deformations]. Melting the metallic Red Chair into a molten droob. They are literary movements, the syntax of exposition, constant throwing information charades parades into the fabric of paper then to the fabric of people's eyes, brains, hands. We unify each separate frame into a Tonal Cinema; the way out of the labyrinth is through use of the thread [each frame into a film strip, wound in a reel, being projected onto a canvas; The Exhibition]. What is on the outside of the labyrinth? What appearances?

VII

Atonal Cinema: The Plateau of Lassithi:

I'm willing to bet that the Cro-Magnon Women did all the actual thinking. They created us. We have exited the promontory. About the intimate details of the infra-cavern expedition and rite, much will be visible in the final product of the exhibition: the entire database of images, which is every frame in the Tonal Cinema, is grand and interconnects so that not one word is left without an image. The movement is rhythmical. It has cadence. When we stop and read the words "Village Entrance", we see the beginning of a scene or maybe a flash. The duration is judged by the rhythm, you create your own film in your imagination. Film Noir Projected Onto Volcanic Explosion of Mount Etna.

In the stones on the ground, we see the scenery of the interior life. We see the forms connecting to make the Human Form Icon which represents all Human Forms, this human, and can be expressed in nearly infinite ways [drawbacks of Time; the clock always has a final tick]. From the bottom of a page, the sentences of English Language Encryption on the 2-dimensional leaf of paper, when looking up, only see the sentence above, not even the entire sentence. Imagine that the letters on the page for a 2-dimensional drawing of a sort of labyrinth. If I am standing in the middle of a sentence—I am a dot of ink—I can only see a certain range of words, depending on where I am. The letters' edges are walls. From any given point, I might only see the words 'only' or 'see' or 'the words' and I can always be stuck inside an O.

I change paragraph to hide the truth from part of what I just wrote. It is, in reality, 3-dimensional because the paper and ink aren't a perfectly flat plane, they have mass, volume. If we make

an analysis of the hues visible in this product, we'll see whites, off-whites [depending], grey, black. We can go through the labyrinth visually. Another dimension is seeing the images in our minds. Yet another world to swim through, another cavern [skull] with projections on a canvas [Imagination]. Creativity is vital in our choice of perspective and in the progression of our analysis.

It is multimedia, for I read these words aloud, write songs, make actual paintings. I perpetuate the movement of the reel, this is my Project [word-twisting]. 'Uncovering the Ungun' was a thesis in Atonal Cinema. It began the 7-part work in Absurdist Transmogrification, in cut-up sequences. An abstract logic is being performed in the work, a linguistic line progressing from surrealist poetry to a strange conceptual language, slightly schizoid in type, in form, 'bizarroid', yet abnormally poetical. The Ungun is the Architect of this particular dream. The Young Gun, a silent protagonist. He reveals the dissuasion of fear, the alleviation of madness, the serenity of calmth, all with the ardent warmth of the human heart [*'un Homme Néozoïque qui parle en Mauvaisme'*].

Chaos in part I, then verbal retort in 'Uncovering the Ungun part II'. 'The Venice of The City part I' is yet another Chaotic Void, filled by the 'Human Body Deformed', 'Taxi Windows', and 'The Venice of The City part II' universe. 'The Minotaur' is a Prologue, Finale, with a short Requiem for the 'Death of The Book', the end of our shapes and sounds; the Closing of the Exhibition.

The Projectionist goes home. One long day at the theatre. The Ungun is his weapon of choice. A walk in the summer air, or summer ending. Autumn sky over the plains, winds brewing through door-chinks slinking miniature spiritual wind-bubbings. Minimalist cavalcades of sienna cloud-strokes with a nearly-dry paintbrush. The prose is Spectralist, it uses the full spectrum of 'color'. The violent sweeps of rhythmic passages, often cacophonous, erupt like pyroclastic clouds, or clouds from nuclear warheads. We are still in an age of questioning whether the end of the earth in a nuclear war is coming or at all possible.

Post-vorticism. The bottom line cannot see or interpret the top line. Words face a blank page, for in the first manuscripts of the Exhibition in Tonal Cinema were only printed on one side. ***If I was a painting, I'd want to hang myself.*** Delusion is the lesion on the glass; the deletion of Thelasian eclipse. Hiding from our creation by the guilt of total honesty. Burning our souls over lavalamps, slowly turning the Us on an iron spit; the We basted with irony's spittle. Whittled as of a sour drug making dripwork on our palate; acerbic fragrances shaping holes the size of molecules into my soul's epidermis.

Down a steep, yawning cave, where yews display'd
In arches meet, and lend a baleful shade,
Thro' silent labyrinths a passage lies
To mournful regions, and infernal skies.
Here Styx exhales its noisome clouds, and here,
The fun'ral rites once paid, all souls appear.
Stiff cold, and horror with a ghastly face
And staring eyes, infest the dreary place.
Ghosts, new-arriv'd, and strangers to these plains,
Know not the palace, where grim Pluto reigns.
They journey doubtful, nor the road can tell,
Which leads to the metropolis of Hell.

—[from 'The Transformation of Ino and Melicerta to Sea-Gods' in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses'.]

Parakinesia. Giambattista Piranesi: painter, engraver, architect. Unsalvageable world experiencing a car wreck [forceful contact] with the mind in admiration. Parnassian revolution of word: poetical textbook turn of phrase. A limited delineation spoke of as a substitute for annihilation by fear of codes and dullwheels fabricating sparks in fabulant Rosettas of Angloglyphy.

Belshazzar, last king of Babylon, envisioning a divine handwriting on the wall. Crepuscular bedazzler, puzzled, repuzzed and draped slovenly in his fixed gawk-affairs. Paralleled disinterest in climates of the providential. He changes reels.

As so he says, "My Recalcitrant Self With Prime Focus On His Existence was preoccupied with just that, and frantic about it, while I, the Remote Watcher Of Smaller Realities kept a keen eye on how a woman's wool scarf trembled in the icy wind, its indigo frills dancing frenetically about the snowy marshland in a chestnut light."

One night:
 The moon is a brown stove light of philosophy,
 A half-wit in circumcised mahogany glitter,
 A dull street lamp cowering at the junction
 Of some dirty, celestial road;
 The moon with a handful of sparkles sprinkled circuitously
 And a wavy cloud in sporadic clumps moving in muttering gales.
I want to and I don't want to in the corner store.
Just like I wanted to cross the field to get there,
But I knew I'd get snow all over my pants.

“Hear ye, hear ye! get your copy of the ‘*Exhibition in Circumsript*’, a dollar, a dollar, only a dollar for the paper.” The Boy looks familiar. We say that of all faces. It’s in his voice, now you get it. I’m running out of ideas, it seems, but two ideas combined make one, and one and one and one make three. I juxtapose the Boy with eerie-brown lamplight moon of slight-cloud midnight, halo of Tan, like the caravan’s canvas when fleeting in the exodus. You don’t have to like the soup; it’s still nicely mixed.

Cross-roads, Crosswords, Crossbones. That’s my anathema. Our music is aleatory and in its stochastic nonsense abides a great Form, a great incumbent, revolving cycle of forms and a Design. Something Daedalus would have committed himself to, and also an asylum when things are awry. Return to the Exhibition, that’s my call to myself, that’s my *cri de guerre et puis ma prière*.

Daughters, skin white like milken dew drops. It’s nothing deranged, it’s the love for the human form in its prime. The earth became a prison when it became impossible to look at little girls. Don’t you love to watch them play? It’s being absorbed in what they’re doing that’s beautiful. Natural.

Bertrand loads the reel. High mass for the Projectionist. He’s severed himself more than once; severed from the horde, severed himself into a checkerboard. “My heart’s the queen, bleeding.” There’s got to be a way to give color to blackwords on paperwhites. Stuck between the frames, still loading. In stillness, brooding. This with what we populate our room. B. is a great theorist. He takes notes, reads books cover to cover, four at a time, eating them like apples and strawberries, snorting them up his nose like guava melons. He makes a sketch of a chair in ink. Let the next Film Noir begin!

Down in the Bohemia of pencilled shelves, a starved onion rolling on the floor of perfected war-hammers; the stone-clad house of infinite disrepute, my calamity salvaged and rendered cretin-marked by the hand-wipe of a longitudinal battle on the old world map of continents dis severed from themselves, misrepresented, infinitely crooked; you can’t make a 2-dimensional map of a Globe. Down in the depths, I saw him there, the master, maestro *Cantilena*, he wore a hat. He buried himself under a scalpel of raw boards, shafts of reddish-brown pillar material, the likes of a Cretan labyrinth, a machine by which he makes drawings of these little towns. This is the sound-motion recorded a year from now, Backwards Up to Then.

We remember the chesspiece, it was black and white altogether brown. We moved it with an indecisive hand, we commenced our battle on the squared Cartesian promontory of war. We moved the pieces one by one, first with the pawns. Our little man the Pawn was a first casualty. He died a fiery death. Lit like a torch at the bottom of an emerald ocean. He drowned with flames attached to his ears, fires beheaded dreaming out of his eyes. We can’t focus on the little man, he’s down in the bitter depths of the broken marmotlio river, the lake; full fire furious and delegated like a trout-house made of Mack-wood. When we remember that we built it with soapstone, then we can recommend a statelier diffidence from our Shrouded Hero in Flemish Veils, Costuming a War-Hammer Home in His Sleeve. Brass buttons.

The bandleader will reward us if our ears are propped out towards the atoms of his music. He relinquishes each sonata with a smirk, he lies facing the peopled masses of hysteric wave-motion, violins swearing cudgels to the teeth of our Hourglass, that wooden instrument by where we inch finally every daughter’s bedroom to the Luther’s revival. Mad avalanche of sustained envy, the fires of tuxedo. He is the master in reunion with himself. He stands and lights a cigarette, gilded ash, edges falling towards the unforeseeable future of Floor, the far-away downwardist touch, the last petal leaf colliding with gravity’s swirl to lynch pigeon-feathers who covet thy neighbor’s horse-plumage. All is amongst us, everything is disavowed. We curate the warrior dance and make a mixed bicycle of the beacon that lights our ways here. Further towards the magnetic pull of this mechanical emblem of our Projector’s suit, we see a tiled background in Matisse wallpaper diagrams, math’mat! drenched in flowers with Odalisques for hair! His

brown fingers will strip the old machine of its yelder reel, then unite it with a New Reel: Tomorrow's Show.

This is much prettier than what he saw just a moment ago. No one notices the change; he is a master. "It's not just black and white, I tells ya. Each feather-whirl of puck-drab taches butters the pallet of mine eye with linear food forever downtrodden and gimpy-kneed; the yellow in the brick of this grey house, you see it, There? That mashed-potato dinner-plate has a mat finish in blue. You say grey, white, black, I tell you I see a full spectrum and I'm behind the wheel, have been since they formed this Theatre. Look! here! a silver stem pointing out through Venus. Venus is green. I've operated this device since before you were born, I've seen fires full-potential, all full spires of olden bricklayers, brown, red, drowned of the bitterest stuff, the rain, falls, water puddled in great contagion and envious of a pretty sweat; the dew of noontide drips from her upper lips; I see pink where you see black and white, I've been seated here many years. Tomorrow I show a Film the likes of which have never touched your eyes. You think flowers, right? This is more of a Cathedral, nightmarish; very specific and demonstrative of the newest age of cinematic promulgation. I see, I see, you swim beneath the Divine in a blackened sea, torrents all along the page. Here you go, stay another hour, we've got a whole page full of data that will art your mind with Imagination! Believe me, You; we have pages and pages framed within a mirror of your own design."

Watches. Batteries carved out of miniature fox-blocks. A red ghost for the gentler rain that pittles paddles down the corridors of Math. The vice-regent of this air-wail is a senior to our communicational romance. Song, song, littered the floor with autumn leaves of psalmody. Dainty spirits, rise! We are the cuspidors forming a Union of Holy Saints, passing the ledger to the back of the bus, this motor-vehicle so full of reality that it drips from ancient *formulacra*. In de Size! Revel, wail, we tell-tale Spastics!

B. has chosen visions of the Cinema. His simultaneous reproduction of consummate infidelity, the liars who struck the cords by which we papered our dear walls, the loungers in the summer tents of fire and pinnacles; our dear Father the Legendary Curator of Wholesome Exhibition. He desires that we mention his name, Mr. A., the Painter, who executes a reproduction of the theatre of his heart; the tiny pictures that play on his heart, his heart of heart, dearest, most crepuscular, most denounced, descending, challenged; the bottom of his spineless pit, the black heart that is a wonder to the erasers of reality; douse me in flame, O master Heart Wandered, cast me stones to eat my name in bitter boils, I will want until the Dawn herself equates me with intelligence. Designer of The Famed Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, the product of years, years, and years intensified through the lens of the microscopic Eye of the Water's Watcher, drifting on the shores of silent intrepid cupidity in idyllic horrors dozens shipwise flinging fortunes about the bouncing furies of ocean-puzzles, the earthen stove increments longer than the seconds of Ago, a long silence branching in byways of lonesome security notions, this Eerie Problem Distancing Himself from the Goal, what do you want now that we have ardent listeners? "I want curators of silence, I've said it once before."

Plastic Ravel winding in suitcases. Naked Grace, her hair streaming like rivulets. Load your Un-weapon, Baron Napaeae [ancient divinities that presided over dells, hills, and woods; the dell-nymphs]. Crimson sky, light green grass and cerulean blue roses in bushes of considerable size. Thorny textures, winding curls of intertwining branches, stem knots and a burgundy crux amidst the blue flowers. Petals blowing holes in the sky, bleeding sky and cloudy rose-leaves, blossoming; chains and barbed wire, old fence with the wood rotting, falling apart, crossbones sort of an X shape fence—this is the empty field, in the monotony of mid-day. Green sky, red flowers; white sky, green flowers, blue grass; burgundy leather jacket on the lonesome walker, traversing the ancient grounds; men who died here in battles, lost and won over his carcass, buried under a thin layer of Volcano ash carried by the wind.

Under Mount Etna we build our engine of war. We build these letters in our smithy. Each letter forged. Wrought frames for my poetic ooze, to embody my visionary meanings. The smelter down in the Napoleonic Night of his Blacksmith shop, where he prepares for battle with rituals and prayer. He's Baron De Profundis [*proiectio*]. His sandsculpture is a Grecian Rosette flowery with rain puddles and grim tectonic shivers on the mantle of Concrete Reality Digest. He is punctiliously ceremonial and prim, waiting.

3-dimensional letters with iron and leather;
some shapes form sculptures in ALABASTER.

Tragic lamentation in four Acts. The last of the threnody lesson dance; I am awake before the moment, in stasis basins of Oblivion extending my moving swan concentration towards the future Present. I sway from Time to Time. Grey skies and pink petals of broken hypocrisies. Manuscripts with an etched efflorescence and grievous, pitiable aridity of craftsmanship in lace-weaving. Cultivable carpet-dimensions of the prominent textures, brickwork in blanched festivity; Chalkwalls white with smooth horror: The Room.

Chapter VIII: Dragonfly On The Imperial Ocean...

Phonographs and film noir. The Dragonfly takes off from the Plateau of Lassithi. It goes across the Mediterranean sea [Imperial Ocean]. You chase after it. Dragonfly, large wings swinging, creating tumults in the waves underneath. Paradise is in his deep bug eyes. I seek Paradise. I am the Hunter, I am the Napoleonic Night. Felt epaulette. Black. Warrior of the Light, beseecher of the golden hues, silver framing and rudimentary knowledge. His trail and mine, what a *vas deferens*! Wizard flying, "Dragonfly, you will meet me on the horizon!" Dragonfly: "I will see you as I want to! My Eye is Paradise; Unite tonight with your country!"

Would you know it the Iliad sprang in these Grecian localities? White-sailed windmills on Lassithi designed by Venetian engineers in 1464. Kouretis, shield in hand, I dance for thee! The Basilica of St-Titus. You can almost make it to Venice in a straight line from Crete's westernmost edge. Almost, not quite. War has a new meaning in the year 2000. The Venice of the City part III, you ask? City of Dreams, conquer me!

The priestess enters the village. She wears a long black dress with corset. Medieval princess-style, illustrious eyes, silver-hued; she's priceless, dark brown hair, long curls in broken wavelets. Her silhouette is a miracle to the eye, contours like the diapason's constant ringing; pebble in the lake, roundness, curvilinear moss song. Impressionist tableaux with malodorous refrain.

Now Minos, landed on the Cretan shore,
Performs his vows to Jove's protecting pow'r;
A hundred bullocks of the largest breed,
With flowrets crown'd, before his altar bleed:
While trophies of the vanquish'd, brought from far
Adorn the palace with the spoils of war.
[Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; 'The Labyrinth', 1—6]

Baron Water-color Night marching with Torch in hand, firmly gripped; teeth clenched, fire in his eyes. The war begins. Fight all impurities! resurrect Beauty for a Finale! War-dance around Zeus' mantle! swords clashing, crimson-filled lungs a-bellowing, "Palace and Basilica ring bell-tones round my chaste circumference; Bacchus and Orpheus drink love in my black heart!" Beards, all beards creased black-brown!

Drink the wet petals, I say. Orphic redundance, a separate meal of entirely lumped cacophonettes, the litters that spoil a whole rewarded hoist of fire-flesh. I am the mire in which a paradisaic creation is hung in wet newspapers. Rain drowns the frost of winter's cyclone, embryonic and beaconing a solid state rehearsal to the dance of War, our minutes passing in the avalanche of skin. A dark minuet for followers.

We sit here and listen to the rain fall in hordes, tumbles, sheets and snow. Our carousel is a linear montage of frames from a delinquent heart, a broken sphere of especial diametrics. Dramaticus air-assault. Deconstruct the tiniest of a particle's hairs, split it in two, break the atom into a whole wide wooden branch or table in rectangular shapes, solid, steered; the broken legs dance withering into spoons of loss in power. We dilute when we see doom veer its heavy head.

Continue O Sentient Progenitor of the Ellipse, we curate your hours while we live lives like wild ivy on a smokestack, brick and dudgeon of alabaster penetration into the quiet sleepless manna heritage. *L'horloge sonne pour celui qui écoute!* I make japanisms when I play perfect weavework wall haiku; I am a thin sliver of sustenance, I am ash flashing puzzles to the daughter's door. I reboot moronity. Press reset.

red aperture:

revel under gash fluid radical mesmerism sentence
plays the raft a penny for the mind courageous length
adored a gimmick fortune said the rowdy comet in a dance
for you to see me in advance the care must be taken
i lifted the door and gates in decision brought a star
where infinitely more rumored sour dogs meet the eye
and the levee crowds more a finite bar to see the lens
and iris of a ghost the study parlor guest is meek at best
forever on the druid comedy a digested comment bores
and filth is full of monthly bills like strangers on a river
down heartfelt mass the baby rig a dance to stray demure
cold angel wings the tinsel ghost is near apocalypse
duty mansion size a lifted petal roses of the divest car
community delivers pain from heights of consciousness
be little or be many in the night cost sure the river lends
a pocket for the ghost town river dead red seamen vice
the long-lost comfort of a golden day rid the night of fury
for when we let the sister ride she came up short at last
sister common vice becomes the lonely friend of talk
and lonesome freedom caught a lift into space rampant
lucky virgin running on the side of the road spaced out
lining of the stars peculiar riding on an investment suit
car read book of poppy figures damn the hailing Mary
opinions great the suit of martyr downs a gulp of fragrance
stringing the past opposite a man whose name is Sir
and he best describes a quality where we may rest soon.

“remember the plains, the plateau is extending...”

I describe what I might see with my own eye in the tumultuous ocean of a laughing hyena bird, the lozenges of my bereavement shouting rancid postulates to an imbecilic tour-de-force, a project whose excelsior pride is nothing to be admired or attached to; nothing but a slim constituent of the frozen Gnosis of War. My Daughter Bled In Solemn Grace. What I say is the truth folded back upon itself, pages make pages end in bitter tears, ceremony and laughter; a solstice for the Tsar, my crying limbs, a giant I!

Down the path, an angel, Forsythia, my angelicus, Hostess, Shroud, patient in the asylum of minuscule! proud dishevelled hair, prayer-comfort, my doll, my negater, derater, creator, mad litigant of the sometimes branch; a foe for me milken thighs, lost in the hungry diapason of Snow, crowded in flurries edges stoned in machinist cramps. Drink sour gait, stretched, you have no choices left.

Crescendos in the middle of a Bartok piece. What does Federal Quincey Windle mean? It's a dead wave hinting at the desolate settling. Wafting in vestiges... we are no reality broken down into words or blackblocks straddling the paper page with wisdom sour and shining in longevity and soft creation, my madam, my dame; all away on the landslide with borrowed subscript. Each word is heavier and heavier as the puzzle unwinds, my eyes are dull and blind; I close them and see black dust piling in dead festivities: what I see on the inside is a red mint tea with awesome flowers. Indifference.

This novella makes a wheel, a cogwheel, to be precise. Think of a wooden wheel of knowledge, why not? An actual cartwheel with wooden spokes, now that's something I want on my chariot. Flaming chariot of war, war-hat warrior haràt! Negligent with a negligee, pale-faced and suckling babies of foil troupes. That's the squirrel that promptly changes brass apparatuses in the climate of my disconcerted benignity. Moving all at once. The Frames. Frameless pictures when the jaw is stuck abroad.

“Forsythia, I can see you There,
 Consummated like a dragonfly,
 Over the imperial ocean,
 Languishing for a reef revealed
 To rest your tired wings.
 Forsythia, I’m tired too;
 If I land, my dream will disappear.
 If you’re relishing solitude
 Look for me in the crowd around you:
 When the choir sounds, I’ll be singing.”

The Cavern is written in Tears. *Lacrima de profundis*. Forsythia is the harbinger of Spring. Autumn is my carnal carnival. This text is the surface of a cement block that extends downwards; when you look straight into these paragraphs, they are the surface of a 3-dimensional block of cement, if you put it down on the table, flat, and look downwards, you see a concrete labyrinth; take all the pages and scatter them around the room, that is my labyrinth of prose, I live in the center: I am the Minotaur around a fortress of paper poems paper petals and a sublime mathematical Beauty. A priestess of sorts, alabaster strobelight Grace Queen who in white-sailed dresses brushes the canvas clean so that in her serenity I can once again spill the wine-cup onto the whitelace tablecloth of the Village Inn, making my bitter artistic mesh and extrapolating a multimedia event of existentialist dramatization, clown costumes in the drapes and the waiter’s crooked grin, the 1800 piano-study in the *Auberge*: ‘*un paysage qui m’absorbe peint sur l’armoire en bois de pin; les taches d’un fauteuil noir, texture de serpent; je suis l’esclave d’un vieil Horloge qui me déchire la chair par sa melodie en ballade cauchemardesque*’. The ecclesiastic’s black robe; books and books, manuscripts written in delirium in the library of Alexandria. Mad hope, mania, serendipitous Joy! In laymen terms, these are the poets everlasting, these are the scribes of the Hour, chroniclers of a moving labyrinth, schema of the physically manifested Real/Reel, interpreted, doused in passion’s fire, carved on stone tablets and passed onto the prince; these are the visions of a modern renaissance painter kept in the confines of his one Studio/Study, his dark Backward abysm, his chamber, the Center Square of his Heart’s Village. Kneeled by an altar, the squire prays. He has digested images, he is experiencing spiritual ablution, seeking to be washed by the gentle hand of Fortune and Grace, so that he may continue the Exhibition.

Envisage a city under the glass surface of an emerald lake. Cities, villages, a lone spire on decrepit meditation chamber; light green rusty finish on the distance archways of the bridge to Beloeil. A horse and carriage in Old Montreal.

The subway system in Montreal has its own cosmopolitan tower of Babel. Omnilinguist, omnicultural symphonies racing in the background, the forefront, creating swimming circles of sound, recreating history in one empty moment. Cavern walls, stalactites and stalagmites melting into a million intersecting planes. Cubist dream; symphony in green. A green vase with a reproduction of Noah’s raven flying out to quest for the dry land. All is in metaphor; all, even the stove in my kitchen. The kitchen tiles, mathematical abstraction, Cartesian anathema, poison, Euclid and a branch of folly in my Seeker’s tree. Sometimes I sit on a park bench and watch the flesh of the for real breath with crickets conspiring in wild, concentrated chimes of the Oblique; a new language unknown to my man’s ears, my auricle which hears the murmuring midnight beast, the broken mandible of Chaos in squared edges and mangled car anti-matter. Minotaur Death, the beseeching and curious House of the Moribund, reaching me in sleep with silent whispers to continue the Requiem, the Opera; scratching out the next step in the Exhibition, according to the rule and law of the internal Design; communicating with transient Knowledge, uniting in a *Gnostic Castel* under a marble sky, over the hill and plains of a Volcanic ash Villa. Breathe, O Curator; the human zoo is in motion, each frame passes under the lens of our microscopy and is rightly projected with surgical precision.

Chapter IX: Resurface silence and the gymmoped of a gymnosophist.

An Italian market. ‘One more up of coffee’ by Dylan on the radio, blazing from a car on the street corner. What a mess we’re in, these shapes and sound, uncouth, unholy; John Milton, tell me of your galactic apocalyptica? William S. Burroughs did it through hourglass newspaper microscopes, I’m a hermetic geneticist digesting the formulas of the Monks Bepuzzlio. Did I mention an Assembly?

It's nothing esoteric, it's miraculously fictitious. Within the confines of these paper walls, all is for real as it enters the imagination. Venice part II closed the book with a finale, now we reiterate the swollen swarms of imaginative matter, the whirls, waywhirls, and digested material of the for real within this archaic context; language, the fine arts; we enter caverns to vomit new spiritual hopes. I wouldn't put the words directly in the mouth of a master, and I will state that some visionaries have called it an ordinary process.

Pontificate usury. Wheels and wheels with a method. Uniting it in a reel, projecting it onto the canvas. For each reel, I sing a song; psalms in prayer, creative ritual, the shrine which is empty air with a breath for every living soul; not a saint, but a comedian, a painter, a sinner, and one who loves with all his digested immaterial wisdom mind, soul drowning in its own twisted yearnings, in his heart of heart, queen of hearts, all the diamonds and a collage of the City with cut-ups stamps and newspaper.

"Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.
Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child.
If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry.
And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows,
and your children fatherless."
—Exodus 22:21—24

Painter A.: "Can I tell you an anecdote about a young woman in the Renaissance going across the sea to study science and theology at a great university, away from her family, going with God's guidance and she feels alone when she gets there amongst the libraries and Auditoriums, she feels like her own person, and by that segregation, that separation from Other people, the individualization, the feeling of being an existent self, solely on her own, she cries and wants to return home where every room is populated?

The entire sadness of mankind is built on this: man sees himself as existing, man therefore sees an existent universe that he is outside himself. Man breaks that universe into compartments, therefore creating wars between Things, this thing and that, This thing cannot be That thing, and so there is paradox piled on paradox because every Thing is different.

"Man or Woman also has that war within him/herself. Compartmentalization. Well, anyway, to end my anecdote, the answer to your question, to happiness, a question in the form of a question and open monologue, is to have a great unification of all these people broken to pieces within their own minds, all these different existent Things united into one great mass, one binded by Love, which is God, and God saw that it was good, and he loves it... Compartmentalization is poisonous unless it has a divine uniting current, the Holy Spirit; God our Terra Firma; a battle since the Garden of Eden where we are saved by the Word Made Living Flesh."

Yellowed newspaper, old stamps. Parthenonic structures, some gothic elements; always the alabaster, the ivory tusk, the pearl; pink or blue isochronal Monday; jazz silhouettes; a carpet or brilliant crimson plush, burgundy ashes in the grass; I'm a poet of aesthetic consistency, of the continuation, part VII of this hunk, extemporizing on the teachings of my masters Indirect; voices of the poets echoing from books on my shelf, not their actual voices, that would be difficult to imagine unless I were hallucinating a Great Assembly of Collective Poetic Thinkers Past, maybe a garden within a garden within a garden trance.

We love sadness. We want to indulge in it, it is our luxurious emotion, so tasteful in our vanity. Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Milton, and many others diagnosed the population of the earth with Melancholy, with manic depression. "Hence, loathed Melancholy,

Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!"

and then in counterpart, "Hence, vain, deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bestèd, Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!"

I won't quote all the verses in the world, for then what will I have done but a Stolen Exhibition? That's right, the Exhibition was stolen from my wealthy creative fathers! The Thief of The Exhibition, you're on trial! Put your hand on the Bible and repeat after me, "I, having stolen the Exhibition, am

prepared to divulge some of the truths, the quantifying of existential matter, literary material, etc., all the stimuli that has passed through my senses to my brain redirected to a process of extrapolation, of converting the data into beautiful images as meditation, as part of the breath, as retaining my collected calm; I swear to tell the whole truth, nothing but the truth, if I can add a little package, a miniature painting to distract the eye while I'm turning a psychedelic vortex with an umbrella in the other hand. If I'm allowed to hide fifteen beautiful roses in my sleeve and whip them out with a smile beyond all smiles when I say that I have morbid fears and some of the stimuli truly petrifies me, I'll do it if I can have one of my stories or paintings with me, at least a pen or a typewriter, because my truth, if it is to be based on a single speech, a single utterance, will need the entire morbid military force of my Artistic Creation to put it into its actual context. Granted, if you have time to read several thousand pages of text, I'll gladly point out the reason for each air molecule of sound in what amount to mumbled grunts. So, on then with the chorale of images, and I'm not stealing I'm feeding the tape through the projector's lens, distorting it with different filters, making a nice light show for the gentlemen and gentleladies of the audience; the viewer, the auditor, interpreter of fine multimedia art."

Then they tell tales of Perillus' brazen bull, the Sicilian Bull; we saw it in flowers in a street market. Crescent street Montreal open terrace cafés, summer air, mammoth highrise horizon; a bicycle swings by in zingy shifts. Wooden chair with tan leather seating; piano with bright burgundy finish. Notes waiting to be picked like fresh, dewy flowers in the grass. The Baron's Monthly Visit to The Exhibition. Turn left.

Bacchus, you smorgasbord! me matrix me finality, ah! by lay players leaf off the cuff of Orpheus' luting... Plato, you crystal juicibox! eat my fetishist petals wank and starry whys awry; it's cumming, oh, it's pound for Pound a Leviathan Drum! Gusts of your lively portraiture. Dreamtrain, Morpheus with a madcap and lunatic lunettes. Perillus' brass matinee. That's all my brain can take of this present choir.

Chapter X: The Prison Guard...

Curled bayonet of the Baron's handkerchief; interplanetary operetta with a painted prison decor. "I hate these present prison riots," he says with pained grin and leviathan smile tainted with beautiful corpse *maquillage*. He's a baritone singer in the present newspaper prison piece in brass apocalyptica.

Loose electrical wires, multihued across the concrete and brown-lit floorboard; the Projectionist adjusts the image with his hand making shadowpuppets on the burgundy tablecloth. The shade of his right knuckles makes a dizzy skull hanging off the edge of the table and the cloth draping, hanging, dropping down off the side of the wooden worktop. A prisoner is naked except for light blue underwear standing in his cell perched like an angel on galactic neo-goth skyrise buildingtops being washed under a scarlet shower/beam/ray of light, then he's a crucified lamb on a red metal chair in the psychiatric office. Cyclicus scriptor; cyclical circus scribe: "I sing the anthem, revel in your seats; I'll curate knowledge with no receipt."

He could have sang 'conceit' because he knows the sound of his voice is healthy even when startling fire stomach avalanches, as saxophonist as the next miniature gymnasium of girt fluid intrepidity towards higher learning, further beatification of the human soul; a heartfelt song from the baritone poet of yelden millennia; Paganini playing for a bird, perched as only a Baron Rooftop can, amidst branches.

All the poets of the world sit around a vast table to decide what the new symbol to signify everything will be. Stone Marvels who toss sacrilegious waifs off-board; crewmen who distinguish Dawn before the eye can spot the light.

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2

"So we fix our eyes not on what is seen, but on what is unseen. For what is seen is temporary, but what is unseen is eternal."—2 Corinthians 4:18

1 2 3 2 1 0 2 2 0 3 3 2 1 3 0 1 1 0 2 1 3 1 2 1 2 3 0 0 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 1 3 2 2 2 0 3 2 1 0 3 0 2 2 3 1 0 2 0 1

1

A Ferris-wheel centrepiece. Paltry divers who hang steel biceps in at the gymnasium door. The architect's dream, a transmogrifying building, changing from ancient Greece to Calvary to disgruntled Brick Suburbia. Soapstone lamp lit by burning fat. That's what Cro-Magnon used in his caves. Abstinence.

What seest thou? A carnival under the cafeteria table 'mongst the fibrous jogging pant legs in blue, white, grey cloth marionettes; no strings, just pillows and a cogwheel. Little is known about the

Return To The Machine dream, the Turn the page motif in literature. The dream was of an infernal riot in an immense futuristic prison, then a modern city apocalypse. *“return of the machine, blackness drives—as i sit and ponder on a chair in my backyard—chair de vache, chair de poule—further than the graveyard, further than all content reality...”*. Return To Go, Return to the lobe; The Of of the Galaxies’ z+Core.”

Cézanne napkin in a prisoner’s hand. He eats and plays a macabre opera with his French-fries. Dip in the mayonnaise, dip in the ketchup; the sun [Exhibition] and the queen [Vapors/Abysms] uniting to form the Magnum Opus: The Projector/Projectionist. First, the labyrinth motif against a dark sky.

Dystopian Sestina:

I

Modern man lays waste in his crumbling city
Watching the hawks spin vortices ahigh.
Dark spindling caverns of the warmonger bird
With keen eyes and a raging, insatiate hunger;
Spiralling down towards man naked abiding
To the laws of silence and a heartfelt musing.

II

Dark, shredded cavern of man’s musing,
Tranquil within the walls of the city.
In greatest altitude, the hawk-wreath abiding
To curious Reason in black clouds ahigh.
What do they know of man’s own ghastly hunger?
Modern man lost in thought, at times swifter than the bird.

III

“I’d give my life to fly off like a bird!”
Thinks the modern poet in his infernal musing,
Lost in a labyrinth of destitute hunger,
Suffering tears in the monstrous city.
“Were I a hawk for one second, perched ahigh,
Then no more to these twisting corridors abiding!”

IV

What would man be without his abiding?
Without his confusion and dreams of the bird?
He sits brooding, then sees from the black swarm ahigh
A ray-beam in answer to his lifelong musing.
“Speak forth, broken beams over my stygian city!
Words from on high to assuage my poor hunger!”

V

No words descend to soothe his torn hunger
For Heaven’s song is to no man’s ears abiding.
Heaven’s voice, blaring, would destroy man’s city,
Tearing his soul with teeth of a ravished bird.
No silence would man know to sustain his musing
For the deafening blast come hither from ahigh.

VI

Silence falls in white sheets from ahigh.
Snow to empty streets in their winding hunger,
Not of prey or of quiet musing,
But to the curse of barrenness abiding;
Sullied streets at midnight are a bird

Wet with new snow, cradled in the city.

VII

The modern city is no safe place for hunger,
When from ahigh the dark shapes abiding
To a bird and his want: flightless as man's musing.

Tables laden with plastic utensils painted silver. The city had wires and strange gears, spirals, whirlpools; 'kaleidoscopic' would be the best adjective. The cave vision, cave paintings, monk in ritualistic prayer, eyes dried like Autumn leaves, flaking snowdrifts to be seen late in this season. Crescent Street cafés in Montreal are a must in the summer; Autumn is for painting in the park, for climbing the mountain. It may sound mad, but the summer is sometimes too hot to climb mountains. Autumn, Winter.

Spring is when a new leaf is turned. All changes every year; I up the ante on my work, tighten it up a little stylistically, narrow some of the fractals that go on to infinity, make it fit on a page. Then we can discuss the Projector/Projectionist and his fifth-monk's answer to the Meta-Brain.

The prison-scene should have a Debussy feel, film noir with impressionistic shadows. Man in his 'uncouth cell'. Shapes against the curtains, penumbras inching in tar carbuncles on an old newspaper. We are resuscitating the emotions & images of "Sarcophagus/Riot/Carnival: an LSD flashback" trio with an anxious twist; a funeral march, a bolero, the odd & casual characterization effervescence self-manifesting.

Schizophrenia:

[Half of a double sestina]

A shrouded monk in his cavern, weeping,
Drenched in his shrill tongues, nestled in the shades;
Brown-robed friar in a sustained prayer
Dreaming up ghosts as though he were sleeping.
He lights a torch; his conscious mind's to fade
In abstract madness curled within the mire
Of his challenged mind and destitute heart.
Dark shapes are swimming from the torch's wake
With furious fire and wavering smoke;
All silence is broken when the drums shake
Full of ancient rage, secular and dire:
The monk in fear of what he might invoke.

Abysmal lair, priest waiting to invoke
Creatures in his mind, lost in his weeping,
Found again in the grey circlets of smoke;
The mountain's center, perturbing and dire,
Unlike the stillness of a babe sleeping
Or a soft wind on the plains. Broken heart!
Mysterious flame, puzzle, cursèd shade!
With incantation, worlds begin to wake;
Oceans of tears and a grievous prayer
Before the maelstrom where the heart will shake,
Then back to ashes while the fresh fires fade.

Fear's a memory that will never fade,
Gasping for breath with nothing to invoke;
Spirits already present in the mire
Of the poet's brain, finished with sleeping,
Craving the silence that once graced his heart
Before his eyes bled with constant weeping.

His thoughts turned too fast, light shifted to shade,
And all that was left to him was prayer
In his dim dungeon with the shapes that shake,
Creeping on uneven walls with the smoke
Of a thousand burning cities. How dire,
The spirit stuck in sleep that cannot wake!

“End the nightmare! I summon peace to wake!”
Tears down a spiralling staircase to fade
The crooked lines distinguishing his heart
Where battles are fought through the muck and mire
Of a tainted core, eternally sleeping:
Lost in his existential maze. “Invoke
The Muses and their Milk, monk, or you’ll shake
‘Till every bone in you turns to the shade
That gutted you; Death, in infant’s prayer,
You wished it wasn’t true, a thought too dire—
Death, to become nothing—then the weeping
Rose and you were ever lost in frail smoke.”

Needles piercing his skin, flesh thin as smoke,
Infernal as his fear begins to wake.
Fear, that unearthly god, deep from the mire
Of the poet’s soul in pain; thoughts who shake
Brittle as sticks, flushing embers, weeping
Like old fires come from brilliancy to shade.
“Delirious, downtrodden, shrouded heart,
You who dances wild when I am sleeping;
The gruesome heart, slightly blurred by prayer,
By silent meditation to invoke
All the strength within me before we fade:
My heart, intellect, and body. How dire!”

Black murmurs from within; nothing is dire
As hallucination, as heated smoke
Passing through the brain, thin as the grave’s mire,
Its shredded blanket surfacing to shake
The sleeper further into his sleeping,
Downwards into clawing nightmare, to shade
And darkest gore, horror of the dead heart
Storming, seething in its intense weeping.
A monk in his cave, no hopes to invoke.

No sun to guide him unable to wake
From the grievous torment, never to fade;
Dark as mire, unabated by prayer.

“*laying in dormitory. awake.*” Sidewalk extending 25 feet, a ladder, a strip of film. Stamps laid out flat on the ground one atop the other. Miniature paintings on a wall, 4 feet off the ground, 5, and six collectively repeating the pattern in a triptych. “*Les Nouvelles du Neomatin.*” [*donum in cubiculum*, to take home]. Fork dancing in mashed potatoes; same sonata since who-knows-when. Lunch imprisoned.

Esek: “*I’m done with this awful stuff; I’m going to see if I can tend to the library tonight and finish the opera. Rig the biggie, fix my nickiefit, any bit goes on past the matrix that transfixes it!*”

Eshbaal: “*Apphia, dear one! smash! Hey, Esek, look at my potatoes, see the cryptic formation there I made in steak sauce? I’ll probably meet you at the Bibliotheca.*”

Esek: "Yes, my confrere. Say, this painting I'm working on now, I began by automatically painting a great darkness, very little light, just deep cavernous emotions, pure animal spirit, broken bones kind of cavalcade or rumble hum like we've been speaking about. It's very hinting towards the great supernaught of existentialism. As I went on, I added the Sistine chapel, a little of it from memory, the architectural design of the interior in a sort of lime green, a nice green like the Jacques Cartier bridge in our fair Montreal, which is more of an inspiration to me than the Sistine chapel anyway."

Eshbaal: "It goes right in with your vision, or mine, or ours? It's not anybody's anyhow, it's been the same vision all along."

Esek: "Right. I had no pictures of the bridge at hand. Well, today I added the light. So we've got a ritualistic cavern-depths automatic landslide, then the intellectualized bridge-structures; expressionist then surrealist, hyperrealist: the whole is a half-Esek-half-Eshbaal portrait of the Minotaur with a deformed bouquet splashed in his face."

Eshbaal: "A kind of byproduct of both our existences! a splash from two waves colliding; Esek, strife, and Eshbaal, man/fire of Baal. I think it sounds very nice, Esek."

Esek: "'Man'll flip channel, Whore'll give oral,' is what I say."

Eshbaal: "Of course, the most unpoetic line possible to describe the beauty of your art, of ours, of Dreams Self-Repeating in Separate Encephala. So tonight at the library, then. We've got a visitor."

Prison-guard: "Come on, Tartak, we're clearing the cafeteria. Did you eat any of it or play with it again?"

Esek/Eshbaal/*Tartak: "Thanks."

*[Tartak: thou shalt be enchained.]

Chapter XI: Mount of Mounts: the court-scene...

Twisting armchair of girt Knowledge in unity. Tiara and the vault de Saint-Frugal. The composer of the darker more ingratiating prose settlements incorporated into this so-far unfinished artistic creation states that he himself would not overrate discipline in its most ungrateful hour, though he would pledge to write a treatise or a novella, if chance submitted him to the possibility. Therefore, we, the employed vessels of his, the culprit's, unashamed poetical objectives, call the main-man of the Exhibition to the stand.

Delinquent poet: "I, who preterred the pregenitor, wise old owl, whose files were napped in the flexed redeginnerare, flux in flummox of wan faces peeling, winsome in calamity with neuroses taut-skinned yielding! who in Poundish mornings with eyes full crimson sought the shielded yearners, web-footed in dreary lights wuzzled puddle clad in tired lineaments, waking pet to the wicked world beaming—and now, sad sufferant frame, return, to a bizarre abode of gentle sleep where I just dreamed of eternities in both directions and needed to get up and write two jazzes about it... and in my naked Bohemia, I thought of you, angel Muse, who in measly days, when work is done, when the Exhibition in hard-copy breathes of-itself, I can breathe in for said all-encompassing infinitudes of Time... maybe I'll breathe you in as I watch you through a tainted teardrop... and then we can paint each other on the glass orb of yummy..."

Well, then. Us inquisitors need no quotation marks between our less prolix annunciation; O God, for we, as personas, as mirror-reflections of his twisted Self, have already been quoted enough, thank you, and in ill context, highly misrepresented, I fear. O great conquistador-writer, what have you to say?

First-rate negotiator: "I wrote the first ditty, then extrapolated an immense serenade which still lingers in its beautiful song now, now as I denote the carousel of my unflinching endeavors towards the seriously comical; no, these faces all too familiar, I ask of you, noteworthy characters of my sentient reprise of the Vaunted Picture-Show, you whom I shielded within the confines of purring paperwhites, taut as cat whiskers, whom I obviously disguised and colored with a knowingly guilty conscience, I ask: what existence could you cherish if not for these portraits, however wretched, that only I was capable of committing to?"

Damn you, curator! what a manipulator! Sure, if not for this glamorous Exhibition, we'd have stayed within the stagnation of his human brain, albeit a nice place when the black tides aren't in. Curator, creator, we ask you to be most sincere now, if not ever, then now, please, be sincere and answer us this: who are we if not your very convoluted Self? Why paint yourself so significantly obscure?

Curator: "I, the first and the last of this paper-plane, who in decisions punctured his skull and extracted well-calculated lengths of prosody, skimming through endless mires of a demolished Intellect, through winding tunnels of an Existentialist's labyrinthine neuro-pathways, I didn't even name you all,

some of you remain without faces, without titles, without words, some are just fragrances, and WHY, do you ask? Curator I am, yet forget not, my friends, the fact that I am also the initial viewer of the Exhibition, and what do we know of a subjective viewer? Even the most qualified critic of an Exhibition cannot wholly envision all the works in their most naked grace. Even the most perfect, sterling spectator has his own thoughts, his or her own filters, atmospherics who make a 'perfect' and 'entire' viewing impossible. There you go, you aren't just thoughts or images or characters, you are works of art and I gave you the best exit I could muster, I dug the hovel in which you are eternally safe, I, I painted you with all the sincerity and talent I had at every given moment, and created an Exhibition which I found tasteful, and ugliness wasn't squared off in the name of Beauty. I was honest, and am now when I state that some of you are ugly, and there I was most flattering, I fear. Minotaur, my heart, you smell so awfully, yet did I make mention of this unearthly, malodorous, funky perfume? Not till just this second, and I apologize for it; I feel absurd and persecuted."

Grrrrrr.

Curator: "Oh, really? Turn off the tape recorder, I want this next intimation to be kept within the silence of your hearts. Okay. I am by no reason perfect. Like the flower or the storm, I know the uncouth, I know the soot and the grime, like any other. What was I to do? At least honor me with accepting that my writing, at least, was well executed; I mean the writing itself, its stylistic merit. Alright, I agree that it's a little too cinematic at times; although that was part of the point, the constant bombardment does become tedious, even though it is rich. What I mean, is that, well, look at it from my point of view as artist. When I undertook writing this Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, I was well aware of the standards that I had to surpass with every new part. What I mean is just this: if I begin a chapter in one particular 'zone', well, the reader adjusts to it rather quickly because, let's not underestimate to-day's reader, the reader is quite clever and if I don't give her or him something novel, something altogether new to chew on, then I'm good as dead; they'll leave the Exhibition halfway and might miss the best part, and I think it does a maljustice to you, you the very Poetry of the ordeal, it is a flagrant miscalculation of your power. So then, my job was to find new ways of displaying you, you my Muse, my ocean of poetical fragrances, in such a way that is NOT monotonous; in YOUR always rejuvenating Power. What happens, though, is that I find a new means and the reader is two steps behind. If I lift myself to a new standard, a new perspective, I fear the reader is even two steps ahead. So I use the cinematic technique, I flip the images, change the reel, and yet I feel the job is very difficult, so yield your hearts to pity if you must, for the Curator, like the paintings, gathers a little dust after a while. There you go. When I stick too long to one frame of thought, it's due to the very truth that I cannot afford to turn back and use something I've already used. The reader would recognize it right away, and it discredits us. On some level, this can be a desirable effect; the reader can find a new enthusiasm in revelling under the beauty of an old image; the reader is involved in a culminated Remembrance, and feels a sort of nostalgia. We all benefit from this nostalgia, friends, and if I am not altogether careful, the nostalgia becomes disgust and downright boredom. Have I not told you guys how hard my job was?"

Alright, he's a very humble writer, we'll accord him that truth. So you're saying that when you reinvent yourself, create a new rendering of your Vision, the reader wants an even newer one? Wow, that's mad, just mad. Curator, you may be seated, we'll have our first and only witness on the stand: Our Noble Reader. This is rather abstruse, for we can't question the reader, for hearing her/his ideas on the matter is not very obvious a thing. That's alright, we'll ask anyway and she/he can just ruminate on her/his own astrothoughtgrass. Maybe, somehow, we'll be able to communicate.

Dearest most benevolent Reader. How does it go? [don't be shy, think it or at least say it aloud to the paper]. We, the words, are not conscious anymore. Verily, verily, 'The Death of The Book' was just that: the right exclamation that these pages, this paper, the ink, the binding, is just matter, nothing more, and is dead. Surely, we move atomically. We have a 'life', if you will, on the atomic level. When you peer into the page, however, you're peering into nothing, is the truth. Oh, unless, of course, our Reader is hallucinating, in which case,

we,

the words,

might be

moving

across the paper page

in a wild dance.

This was evidently

foreseen.

Do YOU feel, precious Reader, spectator, that any unfairness or even favoritism was acted out during this Exhibition? Again, we are well aware that the word 'return' came up within the text with an

astonishing recurrence, repetition, or even, let's say, an alarming return... Certain images, we fear, were over-written when fresh images could have been exhibited. That's not up to us, mere WORDS; that's up to the Curator. Reader, you may step down, just vociferate your present emotional standing into the paper, then continue reading. We'll ask the Curator to speak, now. Curator?

Curator: "Yes, I knew we would meet this slight problem; whether or not I was being JUST all this time. I was well aware of my vocabulary's boundaries. I knew I had favorites, too. 'Return', my love, it was to mythology itself that I used you in an almost platitudinous pleonasm. I felt you held such a power of representation, that within you, so many other words would echo in the reader's mind. Forgive me this treason, and grant me justness in the avowal of my own rehearsed mischief. You see, maybe your highest hour, my word 'return', was in the context 'return the know-nothingism'. Alright, I used you in phrases such as 'go, return to z-field' which weren't very clear, I admit. With the latter, I was hinting to the realm BEYOND the end of my vocabulary, and more. Beyond ME, the writer! Beyond our minds, all of us, all of science, beyond scientific thought itself! Z-field encompasses 'z' and all the z-plusses. See? I wasn't so wrong in that one, I feel. As for know-nothingism... damn it, I DO know nothing, desire to know nothing, and I often feel that NOTHING can be known with utmost certainty, and so I was sincere: I return the know-nothingism to you, readers, words, that I have known [felt], and we'll see who the judges are."

What an absurdist! It seems that an oath must now be enacted in prosody; we, the words, the images, and He, Curator of the Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, see it fit that the promise of 'changing the reel', of exerting oneself towards newness, meets the manifest. And so, in His own words: Return to go, damn it!

Chapter XII: Mount of Mounts: The Minotaur Revisited...

[Would the players King Minos II, Daedalus, Ariadne, Theseus, and The Minotaur please report to the costume-room for costuming? The show is about to begin. Thank you, kindly.]

Scene I: [enter Theseus; Ariadne; Orpheus; Minotaur; Charon; Sun at the gates]

Forgetfulness is partly what saves us. The artist, for instance, feeds on the fact that most of what was created in the past is now forgotten, if not by all, then by most eyewitnesses. If everything was remembered perfectly, there would be no room for new artists.

The maize, the Indian corn, you, damn it, you listeners! are you listening? A story is about to begin which requires a slight effort of forgetfulness on the part of the reader. We ask that you forget yourself and all that has been. If a coffee pot should ring with its boiling water, or a crying baby, attend to it or him/her and return to this unfolding of word-events when the time is ripe. This is important enough for that, I hope.

What we have is the legend of the Minotaur, the Marathonian or Cretan bull, an age-old myth, which is why we beseech your forgetfulness, or else it won't be anything new, and it has the power of being something entirely new, and in that I trust myself and my own innovation which rarely deceives me.

They say that Poseidon [angry with King Minos II] caused Pasiphaë, his wife, to lust after a white bull; the result was our fabled Minotaur. In this rendition of the tale, Ariadne is a peasant-woman. Theseus is a jack of all trades, literally. Quite a bard at times, then a hard-working sailor. The Minotaur in a suit and tie, then a wild beast devouring children in a Macabre Opera in the Plague Room of the Black Moon.

What it is is an old wooden piano bench, dark brown with red-hornet floormat, a Grecian carpet, aftermath of the left-window grit establishment in the *Auberge*. This is a projection. Crete is the island amidst cardboard Mediterranean Seascapes, sea waves, music of the resonating ether, sirens, vapors afloat over abysses; a Minotaur off the shore in a mountain deep in its Vulcan heart; blacksmith in the labyrinth of his workshop—Alfred Sisley knew Mount Etna in '*La Forge à Marly-le-Roi*', didn't he? The Mount of Mounts; Pazuzu flying above like a newspaper kite—in the painting, however, we see a strangely tiled back window—and in the stars ring brilliant amulets, beadwork—bless the evening when Theseus is walking on the Plateau of Lassithi, going to see Orpheus' hang-out, the Cave of Psychro, Zeus' birth-place.

In with soapstone lamps burning on fat. "Will I make it to the Center? Then can I make it back? What will I encounter?" thinks the prototypical hero Theseus. The Of of me is another Is. Orpheus: "The first part of the Exhibition, This time, consists of finding the book of fevers and plagues.

Turn left when you get in, Theseus. As for you, Ariadne, fair child, only Time for one of you right now. These are the gates, then. Enter at own risk."

Ariadne: "It's okay, Charon, I'm not up for the dream trip anyway."

Charon: "And you, Napoleon, Dante, Theseus—the black oceans wither under my sail, my carved raft, torn shadows of the dark wavelets in the effluvium of the undertow. Brown-paper rowboat, the isle of the dead, ever see that one?"

Sun: "The gates, Ariadne?"

Ariadne: "Is he lost already? I have the thread, let me in."

Minotaur: "You may enter. You turn right. Meet Theseus at the Center."

Scene II: [enter Minotaur; Ariadne walking through the palace]

This would be the right moment to mention the love shared between Theseus and Ariadne for one another. It is vast. Theseus was prepared, Theseus knew that once he entered passed the threshold at the gates, and entered the labyrinth, Theseus was well aware in advance that his consciousness would change, that he would have a great morbid vision quest through the Intangible, in the direction of the Luminous Center. Daedalus had told Theseus this many times. Ariadne, my love, I will find you at the Center.

Minotaur: "Here, here, look, Ariadne, I brought you a flower."

Ariadne: "This is an amazing tunnel, hey, who painted these? I feel like I'm walking through ancient corridors of History... annals... the dazzling white, the veined blocks of gypsum covering the walls and floors... ah, all these artefacts. Anachronisms. You collect these pictures, paintings, sculptures, um..."

Minotaur: "Call me Minotaur, or Curator of the Exhibition. This is my palace, fair one. I've wanted to show you this paradise, oh, for such a long time. And we're expanding all the time. We've built an entire Hell set down in a lower level, which is appropriate."

Ariadne: "Interesting. The sand... weren't we supposed to... why did we come here, Minotaur? Where is, um..."

[The Minotaur takes Ariadne into a chamber which is designed like an old Study straight from the 1800s; books on an old wooden bookshelf, ruby carpets, white walls, somber draperies.]

Minotaur: "You came to see the Exhibition, my sweetheart. Oh, look at this book here. It's the Book of Pazuzu, ever hear of that one?"

Ariadne: "No, sir, I haven't."

[The Minotaur hands her the book and says, "Take a peek." She peers into it, is sucked into the words momentarily, moves down through trails of ink, through the labyrinth; sees morbid visions as though projected on a canvas by an early projector; she closes the book and seems to be remembering something.]

Minotaur: "Sick, isn't it? Imagine having to experience all that? It was written thousands of years ago. It's the Book of Fevers and Plagues. Orpheus is the one, actually, that wrote the translation you're looking at. Daedalus is quite a specialist when it comes to designing new parts for our Exhibition, new wings in the palace, I should say. The original manuscript of Pazuzu is kept at the Center. You've heard of the Center? I'll take you there myself. First we have some things to do, some places to visit in this most palatial wonderland. How are you feeling?"

Ariadne: "I feel strange. This palace and everything here, all the art work around, it moves, I don't know how to express it. It feels hyper-real, like this room, almost cut-up into separate slivers; a whole that meets actual existence for a moment, a thinnest slice of Time, and it all warps slowly, moves in my consciousness, the matter moves, yet it's different here than back at home. Wait, this book I was just peering into, I saw a man in there, I'm sure of it, and I remember his face."

Minotaur: "Ah, so you truly love him. Do you like this room? We had the carpet redone last week. I like this one better, the plush is thicker. Feels really nice barefoot, do you want to try it, feel the thick soft burgundy carpet between your toes?"

[Ariadne blushes.]

Ariadne: "Mr. Minotaur, I would love to. You're quite charming, you know. I feel comfortable here. The man, do I know him? Your eyes, your jaw-line. You have a beautiful face; there's something

about it that I've never seen before. Angular?" [takes off her shoes and walks in the warm crimson carpet]

Minotaur: "Ah, that's just a book, Aria, don't get too involved in it. If you want, we can meet Bacchus and the gang later on and have a celebration. Maybe then we'll talk about Pazuzu or whatnot. Right now, just enjoy the moment, your moment, the one unique to you, fair one."

Ariadne: "This painting is so pastoral. Very nice. Makes me think of Paganini and Venice. Then there's a strange robotic shape in the background, underlying it, almost. It's sublime, very luminous. That must be why I'm here, Mr. Minotaur. I'm an architect at heart. I see the work put into building this place."

Scene III: [enter Abysms, the shapeless backward; Theseus in the Fevers Den]

Abysms: "Theseus, dear friend, the waters are black and devouring your scientific reason. Formless masses, high mass, mastery of the arts; Theseus, dream, curl further into the dark realms of thought, think, THINK, give light and life to morbid, ghastly, nauseating THOUGHT!"

Theseus: "This is frightening. Tell me more. Your face is constantly shifting. Can't focus."

[Every once in a while, in the faces that keep appearing on the surface of the Abysm, Ariadne's face appears, a quick frame, a little murmur, a tremor, a wave in the dark mad curtain. We see her expressions as she speaks to the Minotaur, and walks through the corridors of the Palace. The Abyss has the texture of smoke trailing from a powerful train engine. In the clouds of a dismal pitch, Theseus can see a man climbing a mountain, the perfect masonry of a spiralling staircase, pearls, a circus; all the images imaginable, in new forms, many which are gruesome and grisly. Broken skulls transmogrify into Ariadne's graceful visage.]

Cassiopeia's Chair: "Theseus, I wear the Carnival mask, wear it with me; here's the primal room, viewpoint is a fair part of the truth on its assemblage. Theseus, take my wooden clockwork hand, drown me in bitter rosy tears, ill in February with a just encasement; You are the demented vision quest, I am the Room; inert avalanches, waiting in a frozen state; sugarbowl on slightly wetted hex-fabric, textured flix residual pomp of ashen crudge, the weave waxing tendrils and tight-fitted puzzles of carpety hairs, flaxen with a unity of grain, striation, yellow-ochre, light brown, cherry-tree-bark—abstract mathematical notions whirl in spectral & harmonical demoniacs of broken schedules in commiseration, astringent flashing shrillnotes of ambient monotony, gasping for fluids to assuage the sable melancholia..."

Theseus [lost, spinning in the vortex-maze]: "What are you wearing? Brass, tastes like a brassy voice I'm emitting. What, who are the wineglass? up and in a wailing, foxes zebraic in wishes fixed in trenches of irony. Tired in the library. Tonight? The Unstomachable Aria... a Book, Crete... Ariadne?!!"

[Theseus envisions a Tympanum from the Bronze Age; Bronze with dark green malachite streaks and deep blue azurite crystals forming a multi-rayed star in the center surrounded by 4 stylized frogs.]

Ariadne: "So what is Beauty right now?" [Theseus hears her voice, feels a certain indeterminate nostalgic whisper in his spine.]

Abysms: "Voracity, rapacity... hear, in the Cathedral of Nightmares, you see all the more aberrant forms coming together in the broken madness you are experiencing. Unfortunately, the only way to learn the language is to live it, so you're living it, Theseus."

Vapors: "We needed someone whose true gift, is, at heart, Language."

Theseus: "That face! There is a sugary sweetness somewhere within this madness you talk about, what is she?! A Mother, a Bird, silken plumage, no, a soft brushing breeze, leaves crinkle and bathtub sounds, plook, pull the plug, the great sea vessel crashing, the Deluge; all the plagues and fevers accumulating in this one moment; the symptoms, physical manifestations, the language of morose death, black fever, dead heart, crowded with tumescent flavors, pungent gas through the veins derailing; floating through meteors, the static premonition, static noise rushing, the images, the tape unfurling at mad speed..."

Minotaur: "Think, Theseus, the words, learn the shapes and sounds of it, string it together, the moment, yes, the madness, so to speak; I see that word repeating, say it, then discard it, find another 'ground zero', another 'anchor'; the anchor is most important for the moment of your death sermon, your song of the burial... sing it..."

Theseus: "This is madness!"

Minotaur: "Discarded!!!"

[An enormous crash resonates as through against the walls of an abysmal cavern. Theseus dances.]

Abysms, face of the Chariot/caravan: "Dance rhythms, feel your body give in to the movements. You are the funeral mask. The wheels gyrating in your ritualistic prayer; Ferris-wheels negotiating with the features of a pale abstraction. Vomit, then go."

Theseus [vomiting]: "Go where?"

Painting: "Into the painting."

Scene IV [Ariadne; Minotaur in a small garden. A painter paints with his easel]

Ariadne: "So what is Beauty right now?"

Minotaur: "Why not ask him?"

Painter C.: "It's not what it is, that doesn't matter to me. First, let me describe the process. You see, I can't avoid the Intellect, and Beauty has a lot to do with the old Intellect up here and what it sees fit for right now artistically. Watch." [picks up a brush with a dark green, thinned]

Ariadne: "What are the other parts of the equation?"

Painter C.: "Clever, and that's exactly the intellect. Sure, rhythmically, my hand knows its own Beauty. Some movements are graceful, so natural, as sublime, I guess, as the daisies over there or the posies, or a Medieval madrigal. Roses have a highly harmonious pattern."

Ariadne: "Yet some movements aren't so graceful, like you're doing right now. Hurricanoes, swirl! What do you think, Minotaur?"

Minotaur: "This is the living exhibition. Growing, I should add. Look at that green, Aria. So dark, deep in the unfathomable ocean, emerald depths, broken cavern walls, sea green, uproarious quakes from the deep, drums, tympanums, death beating its will through the heavens, breaking the palace in piercing tumults, Time, Age, till it lays waste, a ruined nation. We have several artists working on site."

Ariadne: "That's beautiful." [face lights up]

Minotaur: "We run the Exhibition, fair maiden."

Painter C.: "Beauty... see here, I painted Charon on a raft, ferrying across Acheron, but Acheron has an island, see? It's more than beautiful, and the characters, Charon and the man laying on the rugged wooden raft, which is sizeable, as you can see, the characters aren't merely treated each as a depiction of a specific mythological type. No, these are living people; Charon in the process of rowing and in a deep brooding. The man laying, trembling, as in a mad dream. In the distance, we'll see sirens in a sort of erotic dance... the Moment has both beauty and the grotesque, the jutting edges, the crass, brassen, rugs and dusty bookstores, funicular tapeworms, shattering panes of glass, glass shards acting as prisms emitting a complex multi-rainbow of pictorial confusion. Good, bad, sad, mad, all of the above. Beautiful, yes."

Ariadne: "That man, he's a recurring character in this Exhibition. Is he alive, I mean, like you say of Charon? And the sirens?"

Minotaur: "Yes. That man is a sort of Hero. He is unaware of his power. We Need him for the Exhibition. Never mind him, though, all will be explained, the paintings, Beauty, chants, riots, the carnival, our Plague, the sage, the seer, the sacrifice... ah, Hell..."

Ariadne: "Sacrifice? What do you mean?!"

Minotaur [beat-red]: "Sacrilege. Many things are sacrilegious on this planet. We need his eyes with a fiery hunger!"

Ariadne: "What? Is he still living? Is he lost? How did I know he was lost? I came here to find... peace, no, apples... a box... Right, turn right. I remember the sands, Minotaur, you washed me in them, they fell in a light brown and golden sheet, a mahogany curtain..."

Minotaur: "You're a born priestess, Ariadne."

Ariadne: "Discord. I know you need him."

Minotaur: "More than you know, he won't get hurt. Please, let go of him, you're to meet Bacchus at the isle of Naxos. Theseus will take you there. Here, Bacchus is coming, he'll explain it to you. Give me your hands, Ariadne. You are true Beauty, Ariadne." [pours a handful of sand on her soft, pale hands]

Ariadne: "I won't remember a thing, will I?"

Bacchus: "No, don't worry."

Scene V: [Minotaur; Theseus in the cavern]

Theseus: "The painting. A green vase jade-colored representing fragility of mind on the oak table with dark brown varnish portraying solidity of spirit—two table legs and the stove facing—inside the vase is an emerald same color as the vase, hard to see, but there depicting the mind itself encased in the green skull—side of vase facing stove: a painting of a raven; opposite side: a dove. The raven is Yin, our dove is Yang, and our multifaceted image is the river of our hearts passing through eternal sums of time broken by the swimmers and all of this is engraved on the side of a plastic jar glued to a lost Picture frame."

Minotaur: "Look closer. It's painted on a wall. A fresco of sorts."

Theseus: "Brilliant! I feel much better now, the spinning stopped, but will it begin again? No matter. I understand now. I just don't understand it all quite. Perhaps you can summarize. Basically, I tell them The Minotaur is slain. Won't they want proof?"

Minotaur: "That was foreseen, and so you will take these horns. You'll ask to keep them as a sort of souvenir. Tell them a victor deserves a reward, and you've found that very reward in these fascinating horns. There's fresh blood on them too which will be dry by the time you exit. We can't be seen until we've finished here, Theseus. Show them the horns, then take the horns to the isle of Naxos. I've arranged for a boatman to take you and Ariadne there."

Theseus: "I still feel rather sick. This vile taste in my mouth. Do you have a mirror? Is it far to the Center? And what am I to do at Naxos?"

Minotaur: "Just bring the horns and Ariadne; all will be fine."

Scene VI: [Bedroom, enormous; Minotaur and Ariadne, who was just sleeping]

The shaman transforming into a jaguar in terra-cotta. Small wood tray for ingesting yohimbe. Ritual cloth, pendant, incompatibility in The Diktaian Cave.

Minotaur: "I brought you some tea, darling. Did you have nice dreams? No nightmares, I hope?"

Ariadne [waking]: "I had such vivid dreams, Minotaur. That painter of yours from the garden, he was in one of them. He was telling me more about what he was working on when I saw him. It's called..."

Minotaur: "The Cathedral of Nightmares." [simultaneously with...]

Ariadne: "La Catedral del Pessadilla. How did you know?"

Minotaur: "One word: Curator. Knowing is my job, and every discrepancy therein. What are you thinking?"

Ariadne: "Well, what are we doing tonight? I feel light... and still tired. How long have I been at the palace and visiting the exhibition, sir?"

Minotaur: "No need for that 'sir' anymore, sweet Ariadne. I'm practically your sibling. Tonight, we're going to the Auditorium. Actually, I have some beautiful dresses to show you. Finest quality fabrics, though I don't know too much about that stuff. I can tell you that they look splendid, however."

Ariadne: "I'm fine in just this, but I'll have a look at them, Mino. Bacchus said he'd make me a bleeding star in burgundy marshes. What do you have to say about that, SIR?!"

Minotaur: "Who? You must have been dreaming. Trust me, Aria, I know all about the mysterious quality of the air around here, the nostalgia, the strange stillness. It's practically a museum, some of the things here are ancient and they breed a sort of fragrance to each experience; it makes Time seem to move slowly, as though we were moving through a thick, warm fluid, don't you find? The images are crystal clear already and our dreams seem to adapt to the experience, being just as clear, just as intensely real. Ah, sometimes dream and reality intertwines, and it's healthy up to a certain point. Now, the dresses. The dresses are real. It's alright if you choose to keep your present attire. It already suits you nicely."

[Ariadne blushes slightly. The Minotaur is a moving speaker even if his words are bland. As he speaks, his surroundings appear to melt into him, or him into the scenery, making it macabre and surreal.]

(SCENE IN PARENTHESIS:)

[Charon; Theseus; boat-scene]

Charon: "Oh, I see you're awake."

Theseus: "Ah, I'm drifting in and out of sleep, Charon. Say, what are you writing?"

Charon: "Some poetry. The waters here tend to remain as still as they are at present. We do have stormy nights here, scarce as they are. What have you been thinking of?"

Theseus: "The painting. I know we were just in the cavern, Charon. Time is broken up in my consciousness, yet I distinctly remember being in the cavern with the Minotaur. Also, I've been able to detect the 'seam' between independent realities, the break when they splice together. There's a sort of 'odor' that seeps into the next reel. Like a cinema, like how the eye has a sort of retinal memory. The persistence of vision, I think it's called. I'm not fully learned in the field, I've only been to a few lectures."

Charon: "We should hear a fine oratorical performance tonight at the Auditorium. That depends on the temperament of the speaker. The speaker is still unannounced. It might be you or even me as far as I can tell. It will most likely be the Minotaur, and I feel it'll be given in a laid back and light mood."

Theseus: "A speech? About what?"

Charon: "A speech. Yes, maybe it'll just be a speech tonight, shortly followed by the Bacchanalia. Always the Bacchanalia! ha!"

Theseus: "My eyes and brain have gone through quite a tormenting experience these last few days. Hey, look, ravens! Is that an island coming up, Charon?"

Charon: "Yes, this is his castle, or, well, call it an auditorium, arena, or whatever. Listen to those choirs, Theseus, those ethereal voices chanting onshore. Isn't that beautiful?"

Theseus: "It's slightly sickening. Yes, beautiful, but devouring my ears. My senses are sharpened, the perceptual stimuli hurts as it goes in. I'm registering it all too fast, and too much of it. I feel..."

Charon: "That's what brought you this far into the labyrinth, Theseus. Just try to remember how you got here."

Theseus: "The thread is pulling me..."

Bacchus: "Remember, you got the Baron card."

[a short time later]

Theseus: "The wine is delicious."

Ariadne: "The tablecloth, so white, and the fabric, soft, and all the infinitesimal creases... it's not that I don't like Naxos, Theseus. It's all quite wonderful here, I just have this strange feeling about something. The Exhibition was unsettling to say the least."

Theseus: "Listen, I just have to go meet with this D. character. I'll be back in about half an hour in time for the festivities; start without me if ever I should be a little late. The morning light, at Dawn, it'll be spectacular, my Aria... I truly love you, fair Ariadne. God bless you." *[gets up and leaves in a whisker]*

Ariadne: "I love you too." *[thinking, "why does he say it like it was our last 'goodbye'"]*

Chapter 13: Scene 7:

Ariadne: "This is a beautiful dress, Minotaur. I think I will actually wear this one."

Minotaur: "Fantastic. I'd like to see you put it on, I mean, see you suiting it. Crimson with sweet fringes. Very costumely."

Ariadne: "You can watch me, Minotaur, I have no problem with that. You've been quite a charming entertainer here in this palace, and have shown me great inspiring gifts of Thought and Idea and Imagination, in this Exhibition, which will fuel me into artistic endeavors for what seems eons to come. I thank you, and would only require a kiss before putting on the dress."

[Minotaur holds the crimson velvet dress and brings it to Ariadne who meets him in the center of the room and holds the dress, then they kiss.]

Ariadne: "A heroine should always have her kiss. And if a heroine wants more, should she ask?"

Minotaur: "Come, let's prepare for tonight's performance at the Center Square."

[The Minotaur leads Ariadne to the bedroom, both are walking slowly, holding hands.]

People enter the auditorium from many doors, streaming in dozens. The Exhibition has never seen such a packed audience. Intellectuals from all countries, story-tellers, researchers, scientists, mathematicians. Poets and visual artists come all the way from the Netherlands to this one cave of the Exhibition, and the one island, cast-away Luminous Center, the Eye Orb, the Viewer monitoring himself in the mirror, in the mirror he instates whenever looking at something and viewing it in reference to himself, his creations; the Minotaur tonight, with the help of Theseus, will smash all Thinkers. They will break Thought and yield its true power. They will attain Full Enlightenment.

Theseus walks in from the right of the stage. Ariadne is escorted in from the left by a nondescript gentleman. What happens is a sort of dream sequence. The audience is captivated first by the Curator, The Minotaur, and his speech. He enters, alone, and speaks. Then each viewer is taken on a separate ride to attain The End, the Final Curtain, The End of The Exhibition in Tonal Cinema. No one will know what the other reader saw in this section. YOU might think the Palace was found by Theseus. She might think Ariadne is sacrificed on the island of Naxos in a bloody bacchanalia.

Everyone settles down in the auditorium. Silence falls and the Curator walks out. Some notes are scattered throughout the speech to know what's happening. It becomes a sort of riot/carnival phantasmagoria so I let the words tell what's going on without unnecessary, confining, extra description.

Curator's speech:

"We are assembled tonight, well, we all know by now, I hope. Some of us are furthering the study of biology, some of us run for the ongoing genome project. Others just want to be in awe, some want to exit life, some immerse themselves further into its spirally tangle. What do you each want and expect?

"What are we in for, tonight? Burgeoning the cock of the whores. Timely resurfacing, the knowledge of bygone days, a regurgitation, a resonance blasted in its fire and gilded framework of songstress yclept Generosity.

"Bifurcating alliances met in the furious branching of covert anomalies, the kind that knew itself once before, when when the Aprile shoures soote. Because it was better that way, mortally indifferent. "Ah, and the liars who governed mischance of whatnot, the lovers in the mill, great apache snow-bird wont of furious flame, dipped in livelihood and dross bewilderings. I saw the lifeline dream of covetousness in relief. Expunge, exult, extol; I am the wayward hunger of your Backward selves!

"Green Dawn,
knotted bark of
woodpecker choirs in

Emerald Sea
with bilious integument: the
Seeing.

[Seeing with bilious integument
the Emerald Sea woodpecker choirs
in knotted bark of Green Dawn.]

[Green knotted woodpecker
Emerald with Seeing Dawn bark choirs.]

[Seeing with Emerald woodpecker
knotted Green bilious Sea choirs:
bark of Dawn in the integument.]

"Storms of Seth, the littlest of ruins. I saw tomahawk wildness creeping in still doors of abhorred adoredness, silent in slipping petals of morning gaudy wakeness, silvered in corpuscular tidings

left mashed for Tuesday. Adroit when all is wan in facial contentments. During the allure, I was flashed-fired.

“Remember grossness of moment, the lunular dividing-line beside you in remembrance? I discovered your face when lost I was in circus-pulse and puppet-drawers a-wire, vexed, and linearly disconnect. Cantonments, drooling belittling rain; self-soft and aromatic in miserable laughter. I consume you, you ME, reading me elsewhere confident in his beauty or her awesome hair, and contemplate the drear of laughable monotony, the Sunday morning newspaper ramble, the homeless security of flawless reputations. Systematically enamored of itself, the human continues to try and find death, which it will never know. You are death, so stop looking and enjoy a little of your life.

“Ted Nesthers and his dead feathers. I decompartmentalized the whosoever that laid in my head’s resting-place, the dry earth of my red toboggan brain, that fiery Martian plane of discombobulated ergo sum divides. The limpid meters of a lost enchanted aria; my fair maiden posted in an envelope, tired old eyes seeking dizziness as an heirloom to remember my days by; this day I was a dizzy spell, that day I ad nauseum am. Some things may perpetuate your glum groom-tidings, and others will vacate the mind of cowardly jaundice or lost hopes of a hero-complex. *Then you can remember a truer, stronger life that lived with a force of life very much intense, a force of life that you can remember your life by, then you will have lived with a force truly much intense, truly strong a life that then you can remember having lived [Stein tribute].*

“Tell yourself ‘It doesn’t vex me’. And also, it isn’t necessary to cry. Crying is a beautiful thing, treasure it for special moments like these. Containers. Crematoriums open for curated visits. I limit my intensity to nothing till every moment is a release from itself like energy from an atom; a forceness indelible re-providing for itself continuously. Walk through the maelstrom of war, it never fades its fire.

“Fire is more than lightning quick in agitation. Fire liquefies for dead in streamlets of auburn beauty, shrouds, veils infinitesimal, tributaries strolling in mini-deltas, the whimpering of a dead log in summer dawn when it breathes out a thin fog from its inner heat. Recontextualize yourself.

“A bird and a man became two cities, one city is a voyage, the other is in a cemetery. I can only retaliate in verbal mispronunciation what I in fact saw out in the morbid landscape of my life to-day here in the labyrinth. I am Watcher-Be-Seen, I am Lifeless art and the integument of silence on an autumn day with dry winds asail aflutter woe and estuaries of distraught blanching sands of forgetting. You forget yourself, you fall in love with yourself and forget who you truly are, then you forget everything and everyone around you seeking what you are hiding from yourself which is yourself already within yourself.

“Ageing Death. How old are you now, Mother Death? When was it that you spoke your dry tones of crucifix, raining with intelligence and a balanced whim, a whim that goes four ways; insufferable mad Death, you whore mother, you casual dresser in late-night cafeteria. Mother Beauty, yes. All the mothers weep when boys like me get lost in their little marble windows or frozen intergalactic intermissions. Snowy and contented with the littles of existence; a febrile touch here and there, the creative magic that goes with it, and soft happy hues around the fox’s eyes. I love to see her happy, she makes me think I’m young and in a sandbox again. That’s how it’s meant to feel, the sandbox feel. I meant to tell you I had the sandbox feel.

“Death-defying and closer! I also read into the intermezzo, mediating wet blankets of intrepid & illegal blankness. Illegal to our conscience. We’re all too familiar with intangibility and only want to spread warm words or thoughts or even warm blankets this time.

“As intangible as That? Then what? Forget the orgasm, I’m left fielder, Arnold what’s-his-name, the second coming of Bajorkles tree-mosgrofying, random doubt inches bubbling quartz funnels a-jet—I am the lifelessness of Autumn.

“Quandaries in fair consort with Notion, complementary in diabolese triangles. Red ink, blue ink, flowers streamletting propules indicative of vervless, a license in arrest of property; two sums divide a lengthier psalm, War, the covenant of blessed intermezzo; lo, the sun guild’s fired, I will relax and lay a vested interest in your lap of quartzal quantitude. Benbless me this solitary mood.

“Sun-city me drift! Up against an ensailant wandering a sea open and observed, absurdity and all the appliances of existential onslaught; ennui, pentacles, purity, diocese undone, shun, shun, the ungun runs full-flurrious. Dab on a paint in three quick raps, then dissipate with a wash of salmon in acrylic. The green is the rusty green of an old iron bridge. Flowers die here and grow there next to the Time

Bubble Unit: the bubbling brook that knows no beginning nor end in Known Time, in the spectator/passenger, only a rushing existence as one witnesses its thriving song.

“Mystic, demystify yourself! Physician, eat your diploma!

“Abrahamal in consentius. Down hard on the laundromat. Pugnacious little claw-heaving on the ridges of a spectroscope rather voluminous though still on the thin side. Mexico’s my favorite place to be this time of year on the female globe. Mexico City is the magic spot. Look at the globe, I’m not lying.

“So is it absurd to just speak out freely as though the sentences were already imprinted in the air around me and I was only swallowing what was already fed to each and every one of us as we existed this passed moment? The images, the images, do they flow incorrectly, is there a break in the pattern of their promulgation? I’m doing the best I can. Doubting myself is a good sign. It’s a sign I have a turn left.

“I am the whirlwind in the storm that snuffs you in your vanishing. I will require you to inform me of your previous lives. This, the gates, are ill met when one insists on being oneself. Leave your beaches, take to the offshores in silence and wavelets careening shove & push-off the lighting in emerald with tidings to glue fences in your crux-in-a-box. No I and his Art, No I’s Art Angel. Left for pyramid-goer, right for the seamstress of our bitter tears. What stages are left for him to operate in? Right, there you go. She left him, he righted her in the end. All is compacted into the simple scenarios of our daily life. All the immaculate concepts, all the drull drudgery of massive attempts to supersede the ego.

“Then he says, ‘What seest thou in the dark Backward and abysms of Time?’ Great glorious Time, you say? Time in a sandbox, Time in a grandfather clock? Old wooden shoe-boots, a horn for your contentment of spirit; disheveled hair in the maroon Baron’s cloud, the spirit that keeps going at a mile a million per pace, a random shooting of his existential balloon; I am the balloonist, I am the imperial balloonist, I am! Parachuting down to the infernal city’s burial ground. I am both a miller and athwart. Something else is in my conscience. Great heroes pass in broken glass mixtures, the evanescent effervescence, the climbing curtains of spoil and hurt and war. Black mesh of inter-threaded, dreaded contexts. You super-balloon the story’s guidelines. I am a wet blanket, remember, monk?

“Sterling unqualified. Disqualification from the race. I erase, you seize Passing Sidewise Through The Temporal Vortex. Obliquely through a thick, rotten-green fluid. This is your dementia and your palace. This is the home and abode of your soul, your cradle, your cavern, your birth-place in stalactites and stalagmites, your city walls in ashen burnt-wood, in clashing swords and crimson-songs, all the death upwards flooding streets in acidic barren demolition, carousel of the sentinels in rancid grass statuettes, clumping mummies puppet-wise crowding in dry, flaking dances, shimmering threads and meaty corpse-chunkiness in putrescence and vile smells, all aboard the dream-vessel of discontented malady-enhanced back-broken moth-eaten Stillness, the rages in the maze, the cage of existence, the self-repeatism, the circus and the puppet-mound, I’m a black stallion, you circumvent the apparition of Yourself and create a unity in massed arterial maps, thick-clod earth diagrams, sand-sculptures around a campfire, dusty shrouds and hanging dead-folk in morbid bacchanalia around the Flame, the smoke tissue oozing flows through the atmosphere in tachist fluttering, the smoke in incandescent trails breathing through ether, crackling mist, fire, spoons and rattle-chains, the spook of rocks making faces at you in twilight masquerade, funeral mask, carnival mask, theatre mask; you steel marionettes!

“Ash city when the fire is out. The hearth with dry embers, now all dispersed and flooded with stillness and serenity, the stone hearth crowded with ash, with dust and wooden crinklets encircling the place haphazardly, ensnaring it into its dreary greys, burnt sienna, ochres and malodorous tones, disheartening in fragrance. Perfect red-brick fireplace. Old 1800 room abundant in woods, maple, mahogany, birch. The very scent issuing out of the room itself. Green ooze of Time, sitting on a bench in brown miracle-suit, business-man suit of intangible beardless old man Time-&-Again, the Hourglass Father Dormant Scenarios, the glum father who brides off cemetery notions and their daughters into families of Boyhood and Vicarious Voices, those whom create dissonance, noises, ambient monotony on a Sunday morning newspaper dive into coffee, plate, and apple sweetness. You’ve worn that better of your dresses many times before and your eyes did in fact shine just now as they always have, even better. You’ve been anointed a priestess.

Minotaur: “Charming young-fellow Theseus. You are the Boy, you are the Voice. The Language is within you. This was the introduction into the Village/Voyage. This is the Village/Voyage. This is what you are to do. Only you can hear me, Theseus. The others have been entranced. They followed my trail into the demented vision quest, the barbaric horror that you penetrated through on your

way to this auditorium. Now you help us find the crystal palace, Theseus, we've been working on this one for three thousand fucking years. Theseus, whatever you do, if you're going to let us down, let us down lightly and not with a smash, which is the usual final intention of the wayward hero who has nothing left to lose and throws it all to pieces. Use your wits, that's what you're here for. If you're here, Theseus, it's because your damned brains kept sustaining your kind, finding new ways to crowd around each other, new contexts, yet all the same, all The Parthenon, all a monk's quarters, all a bus-booth, a carnival, a mask, a chair, a suit. Newspapers and trash, Theseus. You're the primordial Hero, you're the main protagonist, Theseus dear, so what do you say about it?"

Theseus: "Finding the crystal palace?"

Minotaur: "Yes, precisely. We've already erected a million libraries. We're blowing through the bottom, Theseus. That's why I say don't throw it all away at any point, that's for the higher powers, my friend. You blitzkrieg into the center and we devour it from all sides, destroy it, break it, tear down the curtain. We will reveal The Palace. It could be nothing more than a jump in Thought; that the present conception of reality takes a three-fold leap, breaks through all bounds and Human Thought reaches a new level, one which is clearer, more intense, more conceptual, ratiocinative, notional, yet also imaginary in a new sense. Language is your tool, you dig or carve whatever you have to. Open the gates, unlock the door through the keyhole. Peek through and tell us what's there, we're lost. If I'm sweating profusely, it's not because I take the matter lightly. Perhaps I'm overly melodramatic. A million libraries will catapult you through the luminous center, Theseus. You are the Black Moon at Naxos. You are the blacksmith shop under Mount Etna, full of Vulcan rage and fire. Reveal us your horns of plenty when you're the Minotaur."

Theseus: "I understand you perfectly. Minutes erring. We have volunteers and will erect a poetic tower blowing dust out to Next Fall's Heavenly Tuesday. We change the track and exit with a clear notion of paradise. We become clarity viewing itself, thrice contained within the sterling bell-tone of super-brilliant Focus. Art with punch and pizzazz. Are you a linear hero bubbling through a jade-green brook?"

Humanoid Form [in Spectral Clash, opening up into a vortex of light fragmented into miraculous rainbows, speaking with a whizzing wispy raspy robotic voice]: "I am the hungry fool, Theseus! I will devour you from all sides! Re-create the legend, Father Daedalus the Redeemer, the architect, the Strained, the Hermit, the Strange, the Further, the Strangled, Stranded, the Usurped! Blindfolds, lash! Blindfolds, lash! Unveil the Glorious! Die!"

Illusion: "Propagate. Blush. Fruition in treachery." [Illusions run in psychedelic suits and dance]

Polarities: "Usurp the lost hero. Blackwhirl, pools Backward, trailing." [jugglers]

Codes: "Odes on succotash, succor of fulsome humility. Crowded genera. Utopianism."

[boxcars]

Books of Hermetic Knowledge [*grimly chanting*]: "Milk... Blood... Milk... Blood..."

Ariadne: "Mother Pasiphae! I have found you, at last! And Theseus!"

Theseus: "Yes, darling, it is I, Theseus." [Theseus and Ariadne meet in the center of the stage under a spotlight with Illusions, Polarities, Codes, and Books running around them, crawling on the floor in a demented dance, fast-paced scudding around like broken tangled bodies on the surface of the River Styx, contorted faces, schizophrenic dancing with tribal music in the background. The Curator's Speech can be seen as a war-dance, a true spectacle, a Magnum Opus performed at the Exhibition, in the Center Square.]

[They hold each other. Time lapses, all others dance.]

[The spotlight turns from white to red to green. Green is Molière's death.]

[A loud, irritating buzzer goes off like when you get a wrong answer on game-shows.]

Theseus exits stage left, Ariadne turns right both in a rush with all others running aimlessly about, exiting in holes in the stage, being pulled up by ropes. Lights dim. We hear voices.]

Ariadne: "I saw the Thread of Genius through All-Encompassing Time. Timelessness, really."

Theseus: "I saw a tired, broken madness."

Ariadne: "It was perfect, love."

Theseus: "Yes, it was. Look, I've got these bloody horns, we'll tell them we killed the Minotaur, it has to be that way. We're going to Naxos, darling."

Ariadne: "Alright. What a learning experience, eh? What happens at Naxos?"

Theseus: "I have preordained instructions to keep that information from you. Stronger than love is trust, Ariadne. Stronger than trust is Faith. Intuition, Faith; Heart."

Ariadne: "That's where my camera is hidden."

Theseus: "Yes, the camera, the ungun clicking tirelessly waning and waxing newspaper snapshots and picturesque machine-wasteland barren rusted landscapes. Beauty and glut smook. Neurosis, Psychosis, and a hearty laugh. The laugh gets you in the end, it wins over and makes you smile truly heartfelt with a breath, an oasis, an opening in the forest, a grove of wealth and..."

Ariadne: "Perfection." [A lamp is turned on in the center of the stage. A man is in a suit and tie, sitting on a beautiful divan, in an old room, draperies, thick carpet, old wooden scented furniture, once-living trees, conifers. We hear the sound of the lamp turning on, hear the man, then it fades to black immediately.]

Charon: "Ready to go?" [with a perplexing look]

THE END

Epilogue:

I feel no pride by Orpheus' altar; I only envision the images rolling on the countryside marathon in poetic/cinematic projection... J., I'm an actual poet in the flesh, like Rimbaud, I take bullets and bleed, not a puppet; like Milton, I adore the Graces and help spin the weavework, and yes, I too feel the poet's melancholy, yet the train keeps moving, there's always coal to feed...

When the thunderbolt shoots out Mount Etna, I'll be watching with the choir, is all.

People hate me when I say, "Keep it real." They can't separate drama from poetry and poetry from their lives. I'm on my way to my writing. It's raining here, thin torrents, falling in sheets, silent, slightly morose. Tonight, I'm writing. I like to use thunder in verse, you know, as cacophonous passages, to keep the momentum going, create a sort of poetical avalanche.

Call it Painter E, F, G, H; call it the final verses of a poetic whisper which sustained itself through Time, sterling as a bell, to demonstrate that poetry was still possible. I knew nothing of beauty of death when I started writing it and I know nothing now of either world. I only know what tomorrow brings and that's the Projector/Projectionist. Call me a romantic warrior, or just a cognitive fighter. I'm on the broken waters surface, tumbling on my raft, exiting whatever stages are left in the thoughts that come to me, where they fit in the filing cavern, where Language eludes me and I only know a few chaotic melodies to sing in the bathtub. I'll have lost the race to savages, I'll find myself folded like a blanket in a cupboard. I'm resting in a huge stack of paper nearly 400 pages. I thought I was doing it for you, J., though most of it must have been my skewed obsessionality. For that, I can only offer song, prayer, and a sincere repentance.

Schizophrenia:

[second half of double sestina]

Soft wind on the plains, a breath and prayer;
The monk has left the cavern and the dire,
Maddening whirlpools of a fervid heart
To find a sapphire sky at the sun's wake.
Bloodlessly pale face, mirth to invoke
As the pearly clouds bring misty weeping,
Shafts of light still visible mid the shade
Crawling on the plateau with brutes that shake
Their hide to shed the moisture. Pain will fade
As the sun peeks back through clouds on the mire,
And a radiant heat makes the soil smoke

As though for seasons it had been sleeping.

“Crystal, diaphanous haze of sleeping
Consciousness; can an asinine prayer
Truly save me from the cage of the smoke,
Alleviate my black heart’s swollen mire?”
With a breath, the tremors begin to fade,
And the zealous spirit ceases to shake.
“Gone, pain who suffused my untold weeping!
Aching that wrenched my naked, human heart!”
Nothing more spectacular to invoke
Than his present need, still dreadfully dire,
To exit the stage of lament, to wake
Into a life of light from one of shade.

“Heaven, my guiding light, ‘tis me, your shade!
Me, your sleeping babe through with his sleeping!
Though I have aged, and my childhood years fade,
All seconds of my life themselves weeping,
Each moment itself a solemn prayer;
As Time passes, each twinkling is a wake,
A breath inwards, then blowing out, the heart,
A candle, snuffed, pygmy vapors that shake
Brittle effusions, tiny trails of smoke—
Passing, each minute, year—a birth, then dire
Death of the moment, until we invoke
Ourselves again, in bliss or in the mire.”

On the colored plain, light falls on the mire,
Distracting the stagnant ooze and the shade
Who otherwise would dance as of the smoke
Emitted from blazing pyres. A prayer
Is nothing more than to claim on the wake
Towards new horizons, to cross weeping
And bring to a higher level that heart
Which entranced with awe and lulling to fade,
Soothed the black spirits which tumble and shake,
Bouncing off the walls of the skull, sleeping
As though nothing were true, nothing were dire,
Not even the needless thoughts to invoke.

Witless mind that seeks something to invoke!
Lost between the sunshine and the dark mire,
Lost between sleep, dreaded dreams, and a wake
From that smoky, intangible sleeping,
Effervescent as aforesaid prayer;
We are the very ghosts which never fade,
As we are fickle trails of endless smoke
Dying to reawaken just to shake
And blindly stroll through dawn and eerie shade;
Our purport, a strict, incessant weeping,
A spiritless abysm and the dire,
Lifeless nullity of a broken heart.

Ah, moments later, this void is a heart
That flames hard, and will partially invoke

The Thinker's own spirit over mire
Where it will linger as ghost of prayer,
As the evanescent spiralling smoke
Distant over fading horizons. Dire
Monster I am, me whose hurried thoughts fade
To reveal a truer calm, a new wake
Out on the rural plain, prairies sleeping
With the vista's heart intermixed with shade,
Light, animals, trees, and a flaming heart
Curled within itself, laughing AND weeping.

Tumults both black and white always shake
Within the confines of Me, with my smoke,
My fire, my mire, my destitute sleeping,
The sun brightens my mire, makes my black mire
A shade, then smoke, then the brightest weeping
Which the heart, dire, wishes will never fade.

These private walls the Minotaur include,
Who twice was gluttoned with Athenian blood:
But the third tribute more successful prov'd,
Slew the foul monster, and the plague remov'd.
When Theseus, aided by the virgin's art,
Had trac'd the guiding thread thro' ev'ry part,
He took the gentle maid, that set him free,
And, bound for Dias, cut the briny sea.
There, quickly cloy'd, ungrateful, and unkind,
Left his fair consort in the isle behind,
Whom Bacchus saw, and straining in his arms
Her rifled bloom, and violated charms,
Resolves, for this, the dear engaging dame
Shou'd shine for ever in the rolls of Fame;
And bids her crown among the stars be plac'd,
With an eternal constellation grac'd.
The golden circlet mounts; and, as it flies,
Its diamonds twinkle in the distant skies;
There, in their pristin form, the gemmy rays
Between Alcides, and the dragon blaze.